

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY



TEN CENTS
VOL. 56, NO. 18

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TORONTO, 1941

CHURCHILL ON 1940: "THERE WERE MOMENTS WHEN EVEN OUR BEST FRIENDS DOUBTED OUR ABILITY TO PULL THROUGH. FEW STILL HARBOR SUCH DOUBTS"

UNWISE management by the Dominion authorities has once again presented Mr. Hepburn with an opportunity to pose as saving an influential Ontario interest from the tyranny of Ottawa. Desire to avoid any rise in the cost-of-living index, and hence any increase of wages, has led to the pegging of certain agricultural products, notably milk and its derivatives, at levels which in the long run can only lead to a diminution of output, and Mr. Gardiner, busied with other matters, has let the peg stand. Mr. Hepburn, who will not be greatly worried either by the cost of living or the wage level, has merely to emit loud cries of protest and step to the front.

What is needed is not champions against Ottawa, but provincial officials who will work with Ottawa to secure the maximum agricultural output of which this country is capable at a time when labor is being heavily withdrawn from the farm to meet the demands of factory industry, and farm wages are inevitably rising. If prices must be kept below a remunerative level—and for some agricultural products it is possible that they must—then a bonus system must be devised to restore equilibrium. It would be shocking if Canada, the nearest available source of foodstuffs for the United Kingdom, should diminish its output just when British needs are being greatly increased. It is refreshing to know that before the end of this week Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Hewan, the Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, will be in conference on the matter, and we believe they will both enter that conference in a friendly spirit—if the impending Ontario elections do not too greatly occupy their minds.

The Savings Campaign

WE ARE glad to note how rapidly the realization is spreading of the importance of the campaign for greater savings on the part of every class of the Canadian people. On another page of this issue will be found a very striking advertisement by one of our great industrial corporations, in no way directed to the encouragement of the sales of its products, but solely concerned with impressing the lesson of thrift as a means to victory in the present struggle. This is not an isolated example of the efforts which business enterprises large and small are making towards the same end. The government will find that all classes of the Canadian people are being well imbued with the idea that we cannot fight for liberty without also paying for liberty, and that it is worth while to do without some of the things

THE FRONT PAGE

that we should like to have now, in order that we may look forward to enjoying them, along with liberty and peace, when the war is over.

Can We Speak to the U.S.?

THE two nations of this North American continent are pretty much of a unit in their feelings about the kind of relations that should prevail in an international world order, though they have differed at times as to the way in which that ideal world order should be pursued. At the present moment they are closer together, both as to the nature of the ideal and as to the way to pursue it, than they have ever been before in their history. In these circumstances, it seems to us that Canada may perhaps be able to exert, quite legitimately and without offence to anybody, an influence in American affairs which might have a tremendous effect upon the duration and possibly the final issue of the war.

We should like to see Prime Minister King address, in the name of Canada, a broadcast to the American people, informing them, in the name of the Canadian people who are to

day in arms in defence of the liberty and security of the North American continent (the American people as a whole are today willing to accept that statement of the situation), of the terrible urgency of the need of the democratic belligerents for all the economic aid that can be afforded by the United States. Canada and the United States are today allies for the joint defence of democracy in the North American continent; but Canada is in arms for that defence and the United States is not. We believe that the American people would listen to, and would heed, a frank statement of the needs of their ally, and of the associated nations of the British Empire with whom that ally is carrying on the defence of North American democracy in the only place where it can effectively be carried on, namely the place where the onward march of autocracy is being held up in Europe itself by the heroic defence of the British Isles.

The people of the United States have made up their mind where they stand and what they wish to do. But they are in grave danger of having their national aims and aspirations held up, delayed and possibly ruined by a "little group of willful men" in the United States Senate, armed by constitution and pre-

cedent with a power for obstruction which is of dubious value even in time of peace and is fatally destructive in time of war. Nothing will deter these willful men from using their power, for weeks and possibly months, except an overwhelming manifestation of a popular will for prompt and decisive action. The people of the United States have only a vague idea of what is needed from them. They would listen far more readily to a statement of what is needed, made by a representative Canadian, than they would to one made by a representative of Great Britain. It is quite possible that this statement would stimulate them into such a manifestation of their desire and determination, that the Senate filibusterers would take thought for their own political future and how to the inevitable sooner and more completely than now seems likely.

The Lindbergh Mystery

THE recent article on Charles Lindbergh in the *Saturday Evening Post* should do much to revise the entirely incorrect public estimation of his character which has resulted from his speeches in opposition to United States participation in the present war. Lindbergh is neither insincere, unpatriotic nor foolish; he is merely the victim of a false theory concerning international relations. What this theory is is made perfectly clear by the writer of the *Post* article, who says, with ample evidence to back him, that Lindbergh "believes in real national preparedness and that he thinks the United States has come to a sorry pass when those directing its destiny proclaim any other country is, or ever should be, its first line of defence."

To hold that no country should ever, in any circumstances, regard another country as its first line of defence against a third country is simply to proclaim the doctrine of isolationism in its most naked form. That doctrine leads inevitably to the further doctrine of forcible annexation of any territory which is strategically necessary to the efficient defence of one's own country—and that, incidentally, is precisely Col. Lindbergh's doctrine regarding Canada. He does not put it in those words, but he is on record as maintaining that Canada should not have the right to exercise the most essential element of independent sovereignty, namely to carry on her own foreign policy without the consent of the United States. He is most anxious that the United States should not assist in the defence of Great Brit-

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DEAR MR. EDITOR

A Christmas Letter from London

THE following letter has come to us without signature, but in a Salvation Army canteen envelope bearing the rubber-stamp imprint of the C.A.S.F. and the cancellation mark of Field Post Office 247 and the date of November 27, 1940. We are making an exception to our rule against anonymous communications and printing it exactly as it stands, for we think that it has great evidential value.

Dear SATURDAY NIGHT:

THIS is a Christmas card. I have to tell you that in case it seems a bit odd. You see, this Christmas I know so many people who are leading the life the Gentle Nazarene besought them. Few of them realize it, none of them think of it, but, as I pen this, the drone of the murderer is in the sky and some of them will die tonight.

These are proud days for all whose pulse beats high for London—your London. As Bethlehem was to the First Christmas so is London to this—the hope of all free men.

All London's folks, from Belgrave to Billingsgate, all London's ghosts, from Dickens to Nell Gwynne, send Christmas greetings and invite you to share their confidence in the New Year.

(UNSIGNED.)

The Men Die First

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

DIANA LODGE speaks of the Canadian men busy at the job of providing their women with gadgets and leisure. With none of this have I any quarrel. It goes on here, too.

It must interest her to know of the effect of this process, illustrated by a story told me by my family physician. When first married some thirty-odd years ago, this doctor and a company of twenty young married couples met each Christmas Eve. This custom continued throughout the years.

On Christmas Eve 1939 the meeting was again held, attended by sixteen widows and two husbands. My doctor's wife has since become one of the widows.

Troy, N.Y.

GEORGE FRAYNE.

Our Worst Error

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

A LINE to congratulate you on the lynx eyes of your proof-reader and the speed with which your press made the necessary correction for later copies. I was looking with much interest at the photographs of our young rival Cambridge on page 5 of December 28, when I caught sight of the awful words: "Its great traditional light blue rival Oxford." "Well, they've gone and done it," I said to myself. But—here's my sec-

ond compliment—I sometimes read parts of SATURDAY NIGHT twice. I picked it up again, and thought my eyes had gone when I read: "dark blue rival Oxford." There were two copies of the issue, and I had picked up the second one. So here's to you and your whole organization.

P. G. C. CAMPBELL.

Kingston, Ont.

(Professor Campbell is Oxford—hence the "our young rival." The error which so properly shocked him is, we suppose, the worst, to a British university man, that any periodical could possibly make. It was detected very early in the run of the press, and only a few thousand copies got out uncorrected. We have no excuses to offer, except that it was a big issue and the picture editor was a bit worried. EDITOR.)

Date of "Early Reader"

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I THINK I can help you on the date of the portrait of "An Early Reader" in your issue of December 28. I have in my possession two group pictures taken in the summer of 1897 and 1898. In both the styles are almost identical with those of your picture, and as negro music (cake walks, etc.) was the order of the day, the banjo fits in also. I have myself read SATURDAY NIGHT for a great many years.

(Mrs.) M. H. BLAKE.

Port Hope, Ont.

P.E.I. Transportation

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN REFERENCE to your criticism of the remarks of Hon. R. B. Hanson in his plea for justice to Prince Edward Island, I would like to say that there is something bigger behind the whole affair than appears on the surface. There are many people on both sides of politics in the Island who feel that an investigation should be demanded. The Council of the Charlottetown Board of Trade, made up of both Liberals and Conservatives, passed unanimously a resolution of appreciation and thanks to Mr. Hanson for his speech.

Another ferry service was to have been inaugurated between Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia in May last, managed by private interests, so that our producers and business men could participate in inter-provincial trade by moving their goods at a reduced truck rate. This project, however, was knocked on the head by the commandeering for war service of the two boats that had been purchased for this ferry service. Our farmers and business interests were thus again deprived of an opportunity to cater to the valu-

able market on the mainland. If Prince Edward Islanders are not permitted to participate in the manufacture of war equipment of any kind, surely they are entitled to every facility to ship and market their natural products, and thus to be put in a position to buy war bonds and war savings certificates.

I am certain that if the citizens of central and western Canada were aware of the true facts of the case, there would be general support for Mr. Hanson's efforts on behalf of the Island's citizens.

J. O. HYNDMAN.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

(SATURDAY NIGHT has every sympathy with the demands of Prince Edward Island for an improved transportation service to the mainland. The article to which Mr. Hyndman refers was merely an expression of surprise and regret that there should apparently be no way by which those demands could be brought to the attention of the people of Canada except through the use of some of the limited time available to the leader of the Opposition in his speech on the Address in Reply to the Speech from the Throne. If the members representing the Island are incapable of giving utterance to the Island's needs, either because of natural incapacity or because they happen to be all supporters of the Government, it is obviously time that the Island sent somebody else to Ottawa.—EDITOR.)

SATURDAY NIGHT

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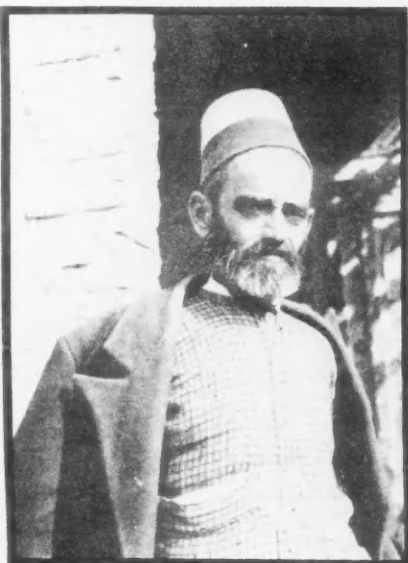
IN ALBANIA, WHERE THE CUSTOM OF BLOOD REVENGE IS ADHERED TO, ABLE-BODIED MEN TOTE GUNS. FIERCE FAMILY FEUDS STILL FLAME.



EVERY MARKET PLACE IN EVERY TOWN HAS ITS SQUATTING BEGGARS.



A TYPICAL ALBANIAN MARKET. ONLY 7-9% OF LAND IS ARABLE.



A MUEZZIN. 7/10 MUSLIM, 1/10 CATHOLIC, 1/5 ORTHODOX IS ALBANIA.



A MOUNTAIN WOMAN. ALBANIANS ARE MAINLY MOUNTAIN PEOPLE.

ALBANIA

Of all the countries of Europe, Albania is perhaps the least known. The language is little known beyond the borders.

Albania was part of the Ottoman Empire until 1912 when the Turks were driven from Europe. There followed a brief interlude when the German Prince William of Wied ruled the country as an independent state. He fled with the outbreak of World War I.

By 1918, the country was in a state of anarchy. By 1924, however, an outstanding Moslem chieftain, Ahmed Zogu, had made himself master of the country and in the following year was elected President. In 1928, Ahmed accepted the Crown under the title of H.M. Zog I, King of the Albanians.

On April 7, 1939, the Italians occupied Albania, sending Zog and Queen Geraldine flying, and on October 28, 1940, used the country as a jumping off point for a drive into Greece. Hardly, however, had the Italians entered Greece than they were using Albania as a jumping off point for the return trip to Italy. As the week closed, they were trying desperately and futilely to drive the Greeks back from Valona, second largest of the only two Albanian ports remaining in Italy's hands.



MUSICIANS. THEFT AND COLD-BLOODED MURDER ARE NOT CRIMES, BUT A BROKEN PLEDGE OR INHOSPITALITY DAMN A MAN.



SKUTARI STREET. KORITSA IS LARGEST TOWN, TIRANA, THE CAPITAL, NEXT.



A SHEPHERD AND HIS SONS. MOST ALBANIANS ARE ENGAGED IN SOME FORM OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

in; but if Great Britain were to fall he would at once demand that Canada be treated as the first line of defence of the United States, only it would not be Canada as "another country," it would be Canada as an American dependency.

That there are grave difficulties and limitations about the "first line defence" that one can secure in another country is obvious enough. The British relied on the French providing them with a workable first line in the Maginot Line, and their reliance was in vain. On the other hand, Herr Hitler has also relied—not being himself a Lindberghite—on a first line of defence in Italy, which has also

NORTHERN SPRING

NOT with soft tears nor with a gentle sighing
Will spring come dreamily upon our days,
But with strong winds and with the untamed
crying
Of rivers freed at last from ice-chained ways.

Not with soft tears, but with the surge and
lashing
Of rain's fierce voice among the drowsy
trees;
With flood and storm and with the sudden
flashing
Of that bright sword which castigates and
frees.

Here is no wanton with her sly two faces
And posies dangling from a useless hand,
But a tall maid of rough and lonely places
With wholesome speech and eyes which
understand.

GILEAN DOUGLAS.

proved exceedingly disappointing. Clearly one can never be as sure of the military value of an ally as one can of the military value of one's own country—though it is not impossible to make a mistake even about the latter. If you are sufficiently ruthless—and we fancy that Col. Lindbergh is not lacking in that quality—it is better to annex your first line of defence than to make an alliance with it; Herr Hitler is doing much better with Austria as a part of the Reich than he would have done with Austria as an independent ally. But this involves the adoption of the principle of naked power, of the doctrine that any nation which needs a certain piece of territory for its more efficient protection has the right to take it if it can, without regard to the feelings of the inhabitants. A mind which is not revolted by this proposition, and which has a high regard for military efficiency and energy, will naturally feel no particular distaste at the idea of Germany conquering Great Britain. It might even feel less distaste than the majority at the idea of Germany conquering the United States.

Why Yanks Are Coming

A GALLUP poll, according to the newspapers, shows that 60 per cent. of U.S. voters now hold that their country should give Britain all possible aid, even though it should involve the United States in assumption of the status of belligerent.

That is good to hear, especially since there is ground for believing that the voters approached by the Gallup pollsters were thinking first of their own country's security and voted as they did in the belief that the way to advance it was to extend more aid to Britain.

This is the only proper attitude for good Americans to hold, and it is most desirable that it be widely accepted.

To the question of aid for Britain, as such, many Americans are quite naturally inclined to raise a questioning brow. To them, Britain is a foreign country, one of the European countries which have been fighting their neighbors, on and off, for a thousand years; more than that, the War of Independence and American history books made her the traditional enemy of the American people, so far as they have one. Then, too, America saved Britain in the last war and what did she get for it?

American regard for Britain has been very greatly increased by the heroic behavior of the British people in this war, but even so, there will be no effective American aid because



"WHAT — ME AGAIN?"

of love of Britain. Effective, adequate aid will spring only from considerations of self-interest. Somehow all Americans have to be made to realize the simple truth, that this is the United States' war no less than it is Britain's; that if, without American support, Britain is defeated, the United States will have to fight Germany alone or accept a position of economic subservience in a German-dominated world.

Actually, the situation is that Britain, with one-third the population and resources of the United States, is producing three times as many planes and other munitions as the United States. And the United States, sixteen months after the war started, is still saying: "Give us six months to prepare..."

This paper believes that there has been too much care for the sensitivity of American opinion, and that Britain's cause, which is also the cause of America and world freedom, has been damaged thereby.

The United States undoubtedly is touched with the same disease that laid France low and endangered Britain, but the United States, like Britain, has the strength to throw it off.

A Very False Alarm

MR. ROEBUCK in his comprehensible anxiety to provide Mr. Hepburn with a good supply of ammunition to shoot at the Sirois Report seems to have overdone the business in his address to the Ward Five Liberal Association of Toronto the other night, and to have turned out some very dubious shells which are more likely to explode in the gun than near the objective. The Report, as our readers are aware, proposes to transfer to the Dominion the net deadweight burden of "all provincial debts (including both direct obligations and those guaranteed by provinces)"—by means of the Dominion taking over the gross debts as they stand, and the provinces paying to the Dominion "a fixed annual sum equal to the interest received by each province on its investments (or paid directly by subsidiary bodies)". Mr. Roebuck estimates the resultant addition to the Dominion debt at two billion dollars, which is excessive for the net debt (there being 525 million dollars of realizable assets against the provincial debts as shown in the last *Canada Year Book*) but moderate enough for the gross. These are not new borrowings by the Dominion, nor is the payment of interest and sinking fund charges upon them a new obligation unaccompanied by new sources of revenue; for the provinces surrender to the Dominion all their rights to levy income, corporation and succession taxes, together with their right to an annual subsidy from the Dominion at the rate fixed at the last revision of the terms

of the B.N.A. Act. These forms of revenue have in the past looked after not only the annual debt charges to be taken over by the Dominion but also most of the provincial share of the relief of employable unemployed, another burden to be assumed by the Dominion under the Report. There is no increase in the burden on the taxpayers (except where the service of a provincial bond issue is in default as in Alberta), but instead of paying the annual debt service tax to the province the taxpayer will in future pay it to the Dominion.

Yet Mr. Roebuck has developed the amazing idea that this change will be a blow to the credit of the Dominion—that it will be harder for it to borrow for the purposes of the war because, though the total public debt is not increased, its own share of it is increased while that of lesser borrowers is decreased! He declares in so many words that the transfer will "shorten the Dominion's credit" by two billion dollars! He suggests that it may well mean "stalling our armies in the field," exhausting Canada's borrowing power for the war, and risking the loss of the Battle of England and the ruin of freedom throughout the world!

This may have sounded all right at the Ward Five Liberal Association, but even Mr. Roebuck must have felt a little doubtful about it when he read it in the very cold print of a *Telegram* headline the next afternoon. For this must surely be the first time that it has ever been suggested that the general credit of a community is adversely affected by the transfer of a group of liabilities and their attendant assets (for the taxing power of the borrowing authority is the asset upon which all non-productive public borrowing is based) from a lesser authority to a greater authority. If there has really been a diminution of two billion dollars in the borrowing power of the Dominion, must we not assume that there has been an increase of two billion dollars in the borrowing power of the provinces? (There can surely have been no over-all decrease in the combined borrowing power of the two authorities, as the result of a transaction which does not add one dollar to the existing liabilities.) And if, in accordance with Mr. Roebuck's novel and amazing theory, there should actually prove to have been a weakening in the Dominion's power to borrow, so that it becomes utterly unable to raise any further money for the war while the provinces are still financially competent, what is to prevent them from doing a bit of war borrowing themselves, and sending nine provincial armies over to participate in the Battle of England and save democracy? Mr. Hepburn, we fancy, would be delighted at the chance; and the Hepburn Guards—of whom Mr. Roebuck once disapproved so strongly—are still in existence or could easily be organized.

"Never in the history of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."—Winston Churchill, of Britain's air defenders.

You too can help by buying War Savings Certificates regularly.

THE PASSING SHOW

NOW that we have unbarred Bardia we shan't for long have to brook Tobruk.

Most of France, including Paris, is occupied by the Germans as conquerors. The British are fighting the Germans. The French, we are assured, hate the British. Well, maybe...

If the French-German war was a phony war, it strikes us that the French-German peace may be a phony peace.

De Valera must be greatly puzzled to know whether the Germans are bombing him because he is too neutral or not neutral enough.

About 74 per cent of Torontonians failed to vote in the municipal elections, including 73 per cent who three weeks before were vehemently denouncing the City Hall for the state of the streets after the snowstorm.

January 6, or Twelfth Night, is the official day for the removal of such gauds, conceits and toys as have been used for Christmas decoration; this included, this year, the Italian eagles at Bardia.

TIMOROUS QUERY

Can it be accounted treason
If, as fades the Christmas season,
We, in modest voices, sing
Soft encouragements to Spring?

The most recent concert of the New York Philharmonic included an overture for "The Merchant of Venice," written by an Italian composer; it confirmed a newspaper report that he was not doing so well.

As the R.A.F. continues to reach its objectives in the suburbs of Berlin, a number of Berliners are probably thinking that the Luftwaffe has too many environs in the fire.

Whatever happens now, Mr. De Valera has attained his ambition. He will go down in history as the man who was still neutral in 1941.

War is Hellas.

New Italian Proverb.

According to her latest book, Anne Morrow Lindbergh is of the opinion that Hitler is riding "the wave of the future," on a surfboard we bet.

DIPLOMATIC DITTY

As Premier Metaxas'
Good fortune waxes
It probably taxes
The strength of the Axis.

Ramon Serrano Suner attacked France in a recent interview. Unlike his brother-in-law General Franco, Senor Suner is not an ardent Francophile.

A Nazi "economic expert" states that Canada would not be a suitable centre for the British Empire. We feel that Berlin would not be entirely suitable, either.

Whenever Hitler presses a button, Antonescu does his bidding. We have always suspected that the Rumanian ship of state was only a robot.

It has been rumored that Vichy discharged several "non-Aryan" professors of psychology on Hitler's orders. But a vegetarian like Adolf should have no objection to French Freuds.

A correspondent who sells insurance suggests that Mussolini would be well advised to trade in his foreign policy on an accident policy.

ONTARIO ELECTION SONG

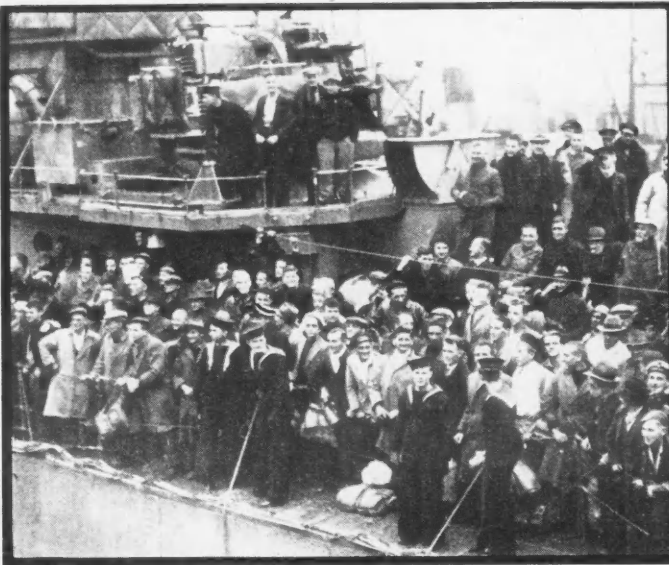
A slogan that's easy to utter
And quite non-committal and short
Is "Up with the price of butter,
And down with the Sirois Report."

This column, and all the rest of S.N., costs only ten cents a week. But the right to read this column and things like it is costing Canada twenty million dollars a week. Buy War Savings Stamps.

War-Tattered 1940 Passes in Pictorial Review



1 On February 8, the third Canadian contingent arrives in England. The Finns are taking terrific toll of the invading Russians. The R.A.F. "paper raids" Germany.



2 On February 17, the British destroyer "Cossack" rescues 326 prisoners from the hell ship "Altmark" off Norway. Sweden blocks aid to the Finns.



3 March 13. After an incredibly brave fight, the Finns give up, accept Russia's peace terms. The Russo-Finnish war took toll of 15,000 Finns, 200,000 Russians.



4 March 18. Hitler and Mussolini confer at Brennero, Italy. March 15, the date set for the Blitzkrieg on England, passed quietly.



5 April 3. Earl of Athlone named Governor-General of Canada.



6 Oslo, Norway, surrenders to the Germans on April 9. The Norwegians blow up roads and railways as they are forced back. The Navy distinguishes itself but campaign is dropped.



7 On May 10, Churchill becomes Prime Minister of England, as Lowlands invaded.



8 May 14. Germany and France locked in history's biggest battle. Holland falls. Refugees choke the Lowlands roads.



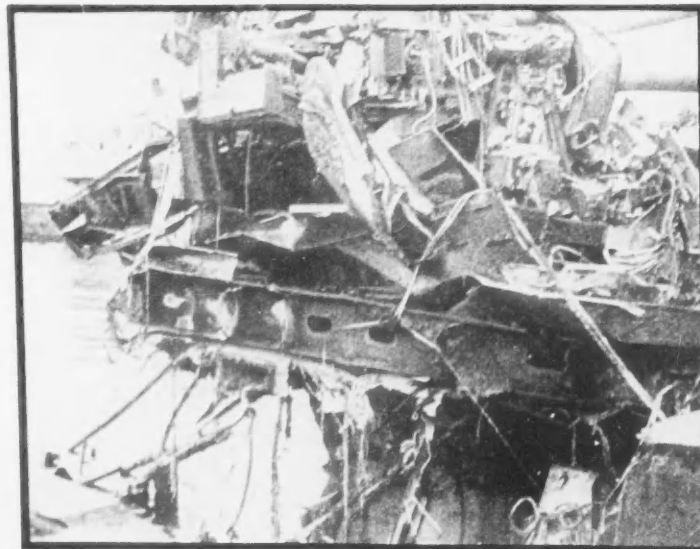
9 May 30. The evacuation of Dunkirk. 335,000 men of the British and French armies cornered in Flanders are taken off by the Navy and a bumboat flotilla.



10 June 10. Italy wars on France. June 19, "Sydney" sinks the "Bartolomeo Colleoni".



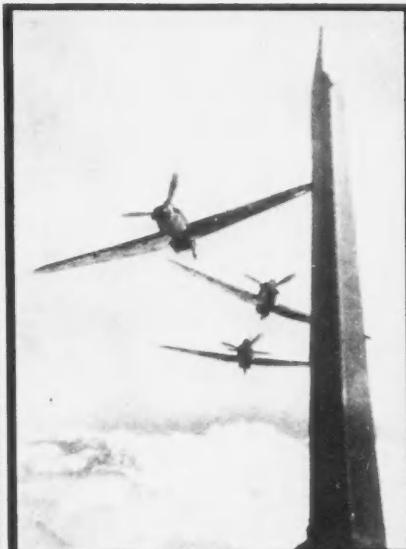
11 June 17. Marshal Pétain seeks an armistice which is signed June 24. July 2, Pétain sets up Vichy rule.



12 July 4. To prevent ships going to Germans, the Navy destroys a French squadron at Oran, Algeria. This is the wrecked turret of France's "Bretagne".



13 On August 16, the aerial Blitzkrieg begins on London. 2,500 planes in first attack. July 20, Leon Trotsky is murdered in Mexico.



14 Throughout August and September the R.A.F. takes heavy toll of the Luftwaffe.



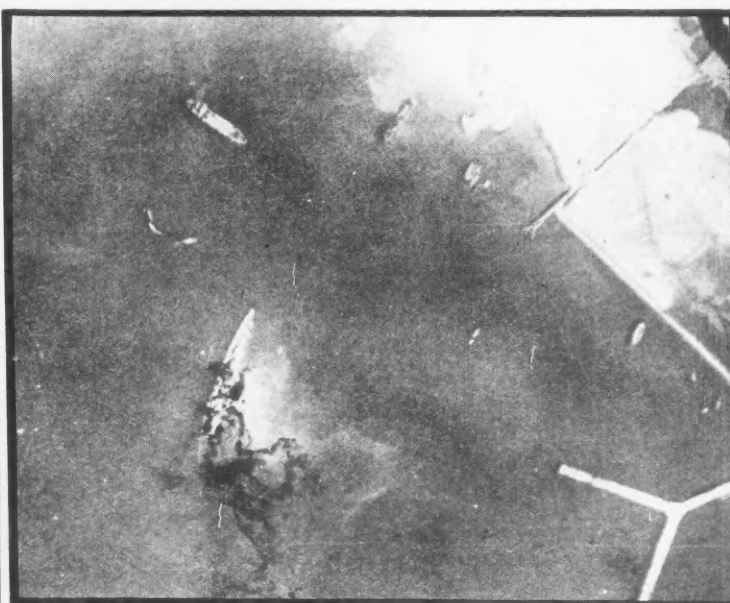
15 Sept. 3. U.S. swaps 50 destroyers to rent bases. (Continued on Page 5)



16 September 6. Carol flees Roumania, is succeeded by Michael. Here are Gen. Antonescu, Michael, Queen Helen.



17 October 28. Italy invades Greece and is flung back. Britain rushes aid to Greece. Left to right, General Papagos, Premier Metaxas, Greece, and General Gambier-Parry of Britain.



18 November 11. The Fleet Air Arm disables over one-third of Italy's capital ship strength at Taranto. On Nov. 14, the Germans "area bomb" Coventry, killing four hundred.

England Will Not Come Here

BY H. F. NICHOLSON

England will never move to Canada, says author Nicholson. Why? Because all England is one huge integrated industry; because if she still feels the necessity to move after this war, then she has lost it; because Canada is not equipped to assume Britain's economic policies and responsibilities. But read for yourself.

THE Montreal Star has, since the outbreak of hostilities, taken an attitude of complete endorsement of everything which the present Government of Canada does. A journal which was always regarded as one of the outstanding critics of the Liberal party even if it never admitted it was a Conservative organ has consistently shown a benevolence to the King government which is in striking contrast to the frequent criticisms in the columns of the Liberal Winnipeg Free Press.

It thus becomes a matter of some interest when the Star offers even friendly advice to members of the present Administration to do something which they are not doing, or not to do something which they are doing, and it has to be recorded that it recently suggested that Canadian Ministers might be better employed attending to their departments in Canada than visiting the United Kingdom. The Star even went so far as to suggest that a little more use of the trans-Atlantic telephone might be indicated.

I have no settled convictions on this point, but it is interesting to reflect on the case of Mr. Howe. The outstanding need of the Allied cause is material of war—at once. The fate of civilization may well depend on the supply of airplanes, guns and munitions which the High Command in Britain can dispose of during the next ninety days. We have been told that, in the plainest terms, by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Purvis, by Sir Gilbert Layton, and by several British Cabinet Ministers. Yet, in such circumstances, the Minister charged with the conduct of the Dominion's production of material of war is in Britain, and Canadian journals are, at this very moment, protesting that there are grave deficiencies in the organization of our productive arrangements; too much tendency to think of perfection of arrangement in the distant future; too little immediate effective production.

Evacuating England

Rumors from usually well informed sources suggest that the Minister of Munitions is in Britain for the specific purpose of urging that there should be a very large-scale attempt made to move British industries to Canada. Some suggestions are made that the idea is to be that we are to see something far more drastic than the creation of industries in Canada. The idea is put forward that we should move whole factories, complete with machines and men, to the Dominion.

To this might be added the suggestions current in some quarters that, in any event, this program will have to be adopted after the war even if the immediate exigencies of the moment prevent important developments of this sort at once. It is urged that it is now clear that the industrial heart of the British Commonwealth of Nations must be transplanted from its present location to the safety of North America,

since experience has shown that it is too vulnerable within a few miles of the coast of Europe. It is difficult to understand the lack of knowledge and of logic which lies behind such suggestions. In the first place, this war will have been lost if, at its close, there still remains the possibility that a military power on the continent of Europe can threaten the existence of Britain at any time during the next few generations. We went into this war to maintain public order on the continent of Europe, and for no other reason. The imperialists and the anti-imperialists; the League of Nations advocates and the believers in national strength; the Chamberlains and the Edens; the "pinks" and the reactionaries—all agree that the only reason for which we must mobilize the young men of the English-speaking world to risk their lives in battle was that, unless we did this, we could never have peace in Europe.

It was because this was the issue for which we were to fight that Mr. Chamberlain was attacked for his visit to Munich. It was because the question was one of settling the affairs of Europe that Messrs. Lindbergh and company could appeal to the United States to keep out of the European imbroglio. It was because of oppression in Europe that all brave and honest men were willing that the children of the men who fought from 1914 to 1918 should now go to fight again.

Those of us who ventured to suggest that the British Navy could not operate in the Carpathian Mountains, and that we should hold our hand until we had provided ourselves with an army and an air force, were held up to scorn as indifferent to the verities of international justice. Those of us who said that we had been forced, by our own deficiencies, to accept the rape of Czechoslovakia, were alleged to be either cowards or reactionaries. We entered this war in a blaze of indignation over the attack on Poland, and we ejected Mr. Chamberlain from office because he did not and could not defend Norway. All except the communists among us felt the iron enter our souls when we realized our inability to rally to the aid of Finland, and those who are perhaps most ardent today in preaching American isolationism

and in forecasting the end of Britain as inevitable are very often to be found among those who were most bitter because Britain did not fight in an internal quarrel in Spain.

It is therefore with absolute certainty that I can say that the assumption that Britain may not end this war in a position of impregnable strength, vis-à-vis any European continental power, is an assumption that we have lost the war.

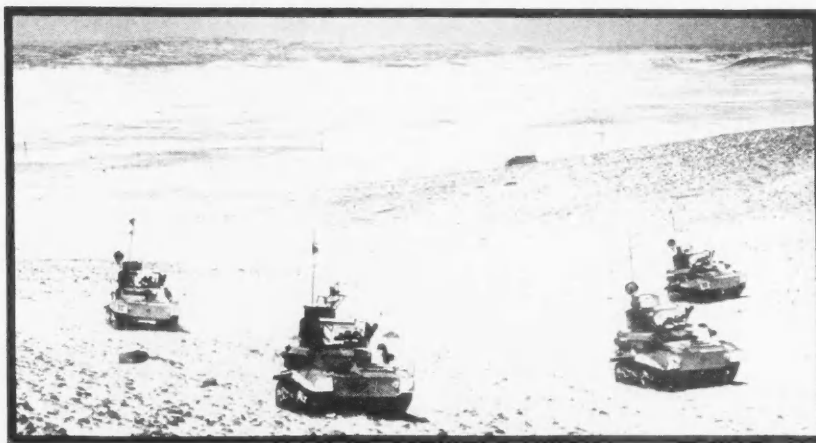
We shall, of course, at once lose the war if we attempt anything in the direction of moving England to Canada overnight. Per square mile, Britain is the most highly developed industrial nation in the world. This means that Britain is one vast and co-ordinated workshop. The factories of Britain are interdependent—machine shops dependent on rolling mills; rolling mills helpless without ancillary chemical plants; textile factories linked to machine shops and so ad infinitum. To attempt to move portions of this organism away 3,000 miles to new locations would be to disrupt the productive power of Britain, and that is the only productive power which is yet, or can be for many months to come, available to furnish the weapons with which all of us must fight.

Any serious attempt to move important items of the British manufacturing system to Canada would involve an interruption of the supply of material of war which would almost certainly be fatal.

Keystone of the Arch

Even in peacetime, and even if we were discussing a co-ordinated plan to move all the industrial equipment of Britain to Canada, we should face problems which never seem to occur to those who gaily throw out such suggestions. Britain is not only the most complete single workshop of the world, but is also the only country in the world which has been willing to purchase the raw materials and foodstuffs of other nations. Britain has wandered away from the free trade of Cobden and Bright, and has, in late years, been guilty of such follies as attempts to subsidize a beet-sugar industry, and other feeble ventures into the field of autarkic socialism; but Britain still remains the keystone of the arch of international commerce, by virtue of the fact that Britain still remains the greatest buyer of the goods and services of the rest of the world.

If we suggest that Canada is to replace Britain as an industrial power, then we are suggesting that Canada is to adopt the historic economic policy of Britain. We have not a population here which would constitute us an important consumer of imported goods and services for a long time to come, and we have organized our economic system, to no small extent, on the assumption that we shall export exactly those goods and services which Britain now imports, in exchange for her export of manufactured goods. Any attempt to make this country an international



19 December 11. British begin the Egyptian campaign by smashing the Italians at Sidi Barrani. December 12, Lord Lothian, British envoy to U.S., dies, is succeeded by Lord Halifax.



20 Great friend of the Empire in 1940 was President Roosevelt. On December 28 he broadcast: "I believe the Axis Powers are not going to win... I base that on the best information..."

workshop, in the sense in which Britain is one, involves far more than the mere moving of some factories and factory workers from Britain to Canada.

Our geographic situation is wholly different from that which gave Britain her great opportunity in international commerce. We are a continental nation, and the tendency has been for our industrial areas to be developed well in the interior of the country. This involves grave disadvantages, in the field of international commerce, as compared with the insular type and position of Britain.

We are not a maritime nation, and one of the reasons for this is that we are, per capita, perhaps the wealthiest nation in the world. Wealthy nations do not become maritime powers, for only poor men are willing to go to sea. It might be well to compare the failure of the United States to create a merchant marine with the success of Denmark and Norway in exactly this field.

In short, the program of moving England to Canada is one of the most futile of all the futile theories which seem to have so powerful an attraction for the public mind today.

Our location in the pattern of the world's economy is fairly well established, and our hope in this country is that the world will continue to function as an economic whole. If that is to be the case, then Britain must remain the workshop and market of the world. In turn, if that condition is to continue, the urgent task of the moment is to furnish Britain immediately, not tomorrow, with materials needed for her defence.

There is no thought in my mind that it is impossible for Canada to continue to expand and enrich her economic life. There is every reason to believe that the industrial growth of Canada will continue at an accelerated rate. There is room in Canada for a large number of the people of Britain, and a place here for not a few of the industries of the United Kingdom. To stretch these facts into a theory that Canada is destined to replace Britain as the industrial centre of the world is to be merely ridiculous.

The Montreal Star was right. The Hon. C. D. Howe would be far better engaged in speeding up the immediate output of munitions of war in Canada than in studying how to move England here.



The first tea car in World War I stood at Dieppe



Free tea and biscuits are popular with all ranks



Two mugs at a "Y" tea car



Tea cars are in service in England's bombed areas

Are We To Be Bottle-Necked?

BY J. L. COHEN, K.C.

IS THE question of revising Canada's legislative set-up to be bottle-necked? Current debate on the Sirois report presents that danger and it is a serious one. We should be discussing, in broad terms, the kind of Canada which must be designed if it is to be effective and purposeful. Instead we find ourselves discussing only the acceptance or rejection, not the revision or substantiation, of the specific recommendations made by the Sirois commission. That may be excellent for polemical debate. As a national course it offers at best a blind alley, and the sooner we get back to the broad highway of the discussion the better.

Part of the fault is to be found firstly in the terms of reference, that is the formal authority, which brought the Rowell-Sirois Commission into being. That order-in-Council, broad shouldered in its opening sociological recitals, so narrowed at the hips of its instructions that the findings and recommendations which resulted are confined, in a dangerous degree, to monetary-fiscal proposals which rather detract from than assist fundamental discussion of national scope and national purpose.

It cannot be said too clearly that whatever the results of the specific proposals, and particularly of the monetary recommendations, of the Sirois report, to say nothing of the composition of the Commission or the manner of its deliberations, the actual problem out of which the Rowell-Sirois Commission arose remains to be dealt with and to be solved. What are we to do with, how are we to handle, that problem?

These are the central and important questions before us and no person serves Canada properly today who fails to include, with any critical attacks on the Sirois recommendations, a substitute plan for dealing with the central question of so equipping us, legislatively and politically, that we can do a decent job as a nation and a people.

The Roebuck Criticism

The most recent instance of bottle-necked discussion and one which is, perhaps, most surprising, is the carefully prepared utterance of Ontario's former Attorney-General, Arthur W. Roebuck. The announcement that Mr. Roebuck was to address a meeting of his constituents on the subject of the Sirois report was received with considerable interest both by those who look to Mr. Roebuck to say meaningful things and by those who expect him only to say mean things.

The speech is disappointingly strange in result and confirms the danger of bottle-neck. Its analysis is negative, purely negative, in tone and text, and this at a time when the whole subject, to which the Sirois report is only a related part, calls for constructive and purposeful treatment.

The speech directs some very pertinent critical enquiry to specific details of the Sirois recommendations, but it does not even try to help us on the question of integrating Canadian national affairs. The virtue of minding one's own business is emphasized, but not a single thought is directed to the fact that in this day and age any person's need becomes everybody's need and problem. How that business is to be minded we are not told.

Mr. Roebuck agrees that the adoption by Federal jurisdiction of the Unemployment Insurance Act, one of the recommendations of the Sirois Report, is a desirable thing. I do not know that anybody in Canada now seriously questions that fact, although many of us, and for different reasons, may quarrel with many of its terms. He agrees also that there should be federal control of the question of wages and hours, but seems to ignore the fact that national action on wages and hours necessarily involves entry into many additional fields legislative and administrative.

The charge made originally I believe by Mr. C. H. Cahan, former Secretary of State in the Bennett Government, and now reaffirmed by

Is the whole question of recasting Canada's legislative set-up to be slowed down to a walk? The author of this article, examining current criticism of the Rowell-Sirois Report, sees a very real danger of such a development.

He takes the speech made recently by Ontario's former Attorney-General, Arthur W. Roebuck, and dissects it a bit at a time, revealing it for what it is — a purely negative analysis of the Rowell-Sirois Report.

No report, says the author, is sacrosanct; all must be open to criticism. But critics should have a better alternative to offer. If any criticism is to bear weight, it must include a constructive discussion of what is right for a mature Canada and be accompanied by a plan which will work.

Mr. Roebuck, that the recommendation which proposes federal assumption of existing provincial indebtedness is an "expedition to rescue shipwrecked bondholders," who hold large blocks of bonds of Western provinces, may be very sound. To the extent that it is sound any such bailing out at the expense of the Canadian public should be prevented. But once that is said, are we to imply that no redistribution of federal-provincial powers or obligations is in order? On this fundamental question Mr. Roebuck, of all persons, finds sanctity and comfort in the status quo of provincial autonomy.

No Serious Problem?

First of all, is there any problem? If there is, what is the problem and how are we to deal with it? Mr. Roebuck suggests that if there is a problem it is not a serious one. He charges the Sirois Commission with basing its plan, at any rate its monetary calculations and recommendations upon the too narrow and too terrifying basis of 1937 unemployment figures. He says that: "The Commission necessarily assumes that the refusal of work to able-bodied men and women shall continue on the scale of 1937... Those of you who remember 1937 will join me in exclaiming 'God forbid!'"

Well, actually how far does the exclamation "God forbid" guarantee us against just the same result?

As contrasted with this hypothesis, Mr. Roebuck "notes with some satisfaction that since this report was written more than one half of the unemployed employables have gone to work and the Minister of Munitions and Supply (italics mine) is of opinion that the other half will be absorbed into industry during the current year."

Well, if we are to indulge in prayers, "God forbid" that any social

GRASS

THE allure of summer grass was about me.
The cool nurture of a thousand seed-bearers,
The fine sway of crowded pinnacles.
Wanting the touch of many little ones,
I plunged suddenly among its green lights.
Crushing bent stalks
I reached for the fire
Of earth-roots.

ALAN CREIGHTON.

analysis of Canada's problems should be constructed upon the dangerously narrow ground of present-day employment, related, as it almost completely is, to war production and war needs. I do not think that many can or will "note with some satisfaction" that Canada's unemployment problem is being solved on the

basis of war production. A more transitory and in every sense a more tragic substitute for what Mr. Roebuck rhetorically describes as a "refusal of work to able-bodied men and women" could hardly be suggested.

Is the unemployment or under-employment of Canada's work-people, or the poverty and precarious status of its farmers, and many members of the middle class merely a "refusal of work"? Does this phrase in itself sum up the problem? Or is the condition more fundamentally due to basic deficiencies in production, marketing, and distribution methods, and to the relationship between these economic factors and government or public policy? If the trouble is a basic one, inherent in present arrangements and policies, what solution is offered by the reaffirmation of absolute provincial rights—the old boat of the B.N.A. Act which Mr. Roebuck now finds he prefers to ferry in?

Everything Interlocked

Tariff—wages—industrial standards—labor relations—natural resources—transportation, whether highway, rail or water,—foreign trade—currency—interest—rents—social security—these, and a host of other items, provincial and federal in legislative scope, are interwoven and interlocked so that one cannot be handled rationally, without adequate contact with the other. Surely no one, naively or seriously, thinks anything else. Mr. Roebuck, for instance, states that he is in agreement with the proposition that federal legislation should deal with the question of age of employment. Well, age of employment is necessarily tied in with the question of educational facilities, and if the age is high enough, and it should be, we must provide suitable vocational guidance, and this, if it is to mean anything, must be related seriously to a planned economy. Experience has established clearly that all this cannot be accomplished on the hit-and-miss policy of ten concurrent government activities.

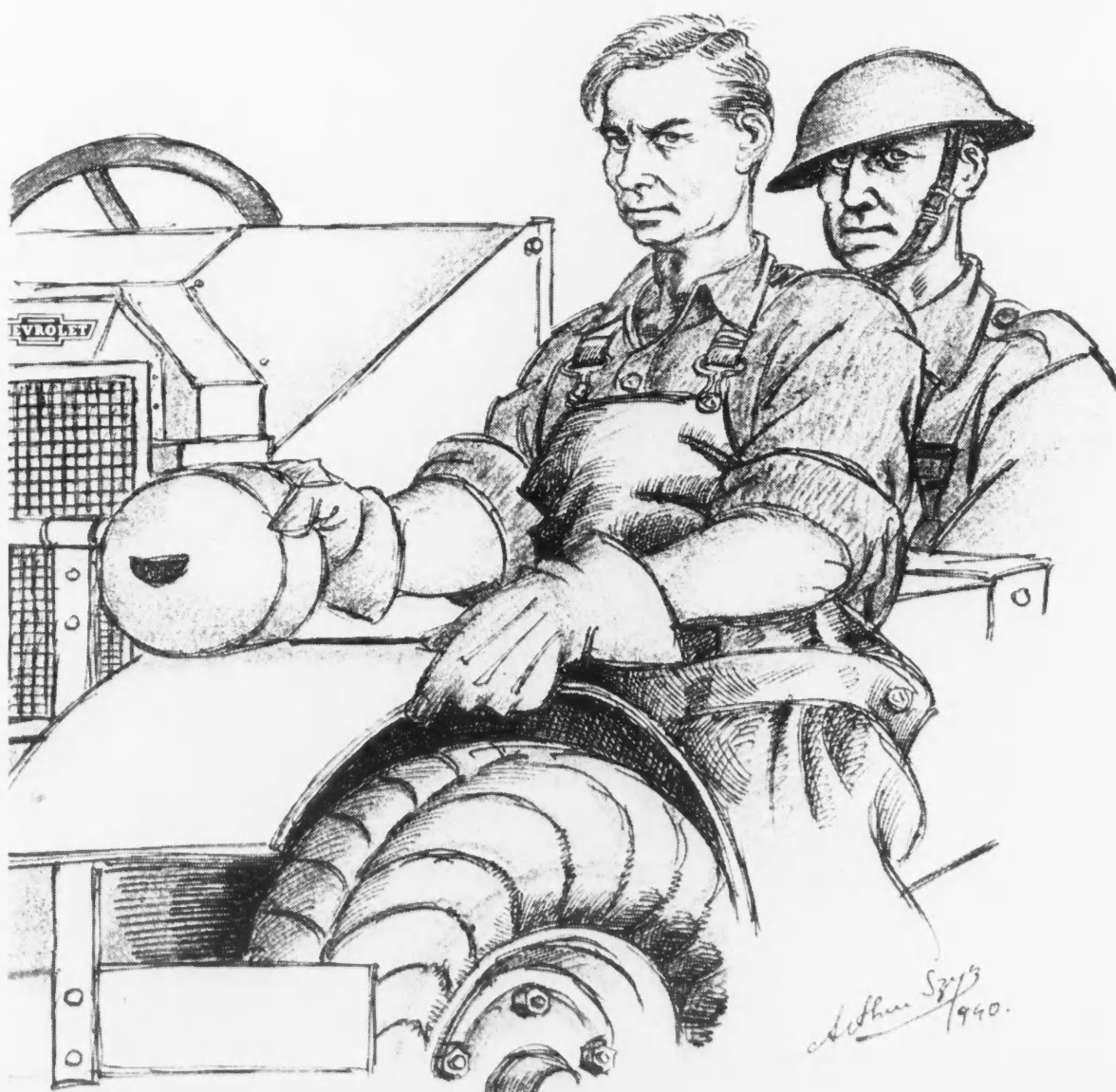
Canada's people are not disposed to attach any sanctity to specific recommendations of the Sirois report. Each one, in terms of dollars and cents or quantum of allotment, may be shown to be wrong. Each one may have to be revised or replaced, but negative criticism alone, without revision or substitution, will not go down. A Sirois report, some report, some distinct plan of casting Canada's economic, social and legislative efforts into a mould fitted to modern needs, must be evolved.

Report Not Sacrosanct

No criticism of the present proposals will achieve any useful purpose if it amounts to mere negation. If it is to carry public thought with it, discussion of the proposals must include constructive discussion of what is right about the whole idea of a mature Canada, and how such a plan is to be carried out. In the long run there will be impatience with anything else, because problems will remain unsolved and even become more serious. That constructive approach may well in its stride knock down each of the specific proposals of the Sirois Report in their present form. Well and good, but some alternative, other than the mere status quo based on war time economy, will have to be supplied in its place if the approach is not to be regarded as merely negative and destructive.

Canada can ill afford at this time to have any important public figure strike a note, or take a course, which will carry so unfortunate an implication. The Dominion-Provincial Conference is to be held in Ottawa this month. It will be the scene of many criticisms of the specific recommendations of the Sirois report. It is to be hoped that those who participate in that historic gathering will realize that these criticisms will be tested by the value of alternative proposals put forward for a Canada designed and equipped to effectively serve its people.

Work for Victory... Lend to Win!



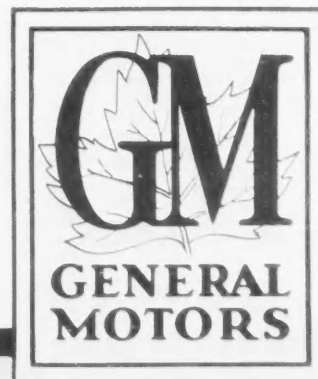
DAY and night in shifts 'round the clock, General Motors' men build the trucks to carry our boys in battle dress up the road to Victory.

Gladly the tasks which mean a shorter war, a quicker peace, are thus assumed by the men and women of all Canada. Backing what they build with what they earn, workers in every field are serving doubly by saving wisely and lending timely cash to the war chest of an Empire destined to be free.

This tide of wealth, loaned to the government, flows back again to keep chimneys smoking, wheels turning, hands and hearts dedicated to victory.

Labour, with thumbs up, is invincible. By this sign we shall conquer.

← This illustration was drawn by ARTHUR SZUK, a Polish artist, who fled from the Nazi domination of his native land. Mr. Szuk made this drawing after a visit to General Motors' plant at Oshawa, Ontario.



Buy War Savings Certificates

THAT title may be taken, if preferred, with a question-mark. Not a big question-mark, inferring that we haven't any idea how to win the war. But at least a half-sized one, intimating that we haven't by any means thought the problem through to the end yet, or begun to prepare the soil of the Continent for our coming invasion. To win the war we will need great quantities of supplies and equipment, transport to carry them to where they are needed, a sound strategical plan, mastery of the air, a landing on the Continent and a push into Germany. Perhaps supplies and strategy, bombs and tanks, are enough to win the war by themselves. But Hitler has shown us time and again how military action can be shortened to a few days or weeks when the ground has been properly prepared in advance by propaganda, sabotage and rumor, and we will be very foolish if we don't turn this method against him.

Great attention is at present being given to the material preparations, in particular supplies and transport. That is a sound beginning, for without supplies the machine of victory will never be built or assembled in Britain; and unless these supplies and this machine can be transported to where they are needed they aren't going to win the war. The mobilization of the resources of the Empire will be in full swing by late this year, and of the United States by early next year. Of the Dominions, Canada is the most important to Britain on every count, with the greatest raw material riches, the best-developed industry and the shortest haul to the British Isles. But a formidable effort is being made by Australia and India, and this is being directed towards those battlefronts closest at hand.

The Long Ship-Lanes

This is an obvious economy in transportation. Probably the heaviest task the British leadership has is to organize its shipping resources to meet all the demands on them. Calculations as to whether British and Allied shipping is now less than it was when the war started, or whether monthly losses are greater than replacements, give far from a full appraisal of the situation. One must first of all be careful about considering the Norwegian, Dutch, Belgian and Greek tonnage now under our control, and even the French and Danish, as a net "gain." With her control of the high seas, Britain would normally have had the use of the greater part of this shipping. Then the tonnage which was necessary to supply Britain's peace-time needs, when her butter was obtained just over the way in Holland, her bacon in Denmark, timber, paper and iron ore in Scandinavia, bauxite in France, and refined aluminum in Norway, is no measure at all of the tonnage needed for the prosecution of a great war. Right at the beginning of our reckoning, the delays of convoy cut the usefulness of shipping about in half. Great armies and their equipment have to be transported hither and yon. And all the products mentioned above and many others have to be hauled from ten and twenty times as far away. Thus it doesn't matter much in war-time whether New Zealand butter can be landed in Britain at a price to compete with the former Dutch and Danish imports. The point is that a ship is occupied three or four

months fetching the same cargo of butter from New Zealand which used to be obtained in Holland in a couple of days.

Need American Convoys

To meet this situation Britain has, not a greatly increased tonnage, but a tonnage being whittled away steadily by U-boats and raiders every month. By herself, with all the naval building she has on hand, she can't even make good these losses. The program of standardized merchant ship-building which she put in hand shortly after the outbreak of war is now delivering something like 100,000 to 125,000 tons a month. She has bought several hundred thousand tons of idle shipping, some of it very old, in the United States, and contracted for 60 standard vessels of 10,000 tons there. The latter, however, won't be ready until the end of this year. A little relief has been provided by the substitution of American bottoms for British in the Pacific trade, with trans-shipment for Britain at Philadelphia, and this system will probably be extended. But, as is coming to be generally realized, there is only one quick and definite solution for the shipping problem: the mobilization of American shipping resources as Britain's have been mobilized, and the pressing into service of the 600,000 tons of German, Italian, French and Danish shipping at present interned in American harbors. Nor would there be much sense in throwing all this fine shipping to the "tin fish" prowling the Atlantic in ever-increasing numbers: it ought to be adequately protected by American naval convoys.

This is obviously too much to expect for the present. American neutrality legislation might be modified to permit U.S. ships to sail to British ports at their own risk, more destroyers might be transferred to Britain (though it is really cruisers which are wanted for the Atlantic convoys as witness how effectively the *Berwick* recently protected her convoy from a German heavy cruiser or pocket battleship), and American "security patrols" might be extended and toughened to cope with German surface raiders in the Pacific and around the West Indies. International law, which the Nazis have turned into a farce, is liable to be stretched in a few places and numerous "incidents" created, before the U.S. actually enters the war.

Leadership Is Right

The grand strategy of the war, most people will concede, is in good hands in Winston Churchill's. The whole conduct of the war during the past seven months, the decision to retain the Metropolitan Fighter Force in Britain rather than risk it in France when it was too late to save the day, the resolve to hold on to the Mediterranean, the reinforcing of our armies and outposts there despite the German invasion threat, the drive to knock Italy out of the war, including the naval action at Taranto, the

THE HITLER WAR

How To Win The War

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

prompt extension of aid to Greece and exploitation of Crete, and the miniature blitzkrieg in the Western Desert—all these inspire confidence that our leadership is now imbued with the right mixture of caution and daring.

The securing of mastery in the air is a whole subject in itself. But I don't think that Mr. T. P. Wright's calculation, which received wide publicity earlier in the week, that we will not achieve numerical parity with the Axis Powers until the Spring of 1942, should be taken to mean that we shall not be giving Germany much



Sir Hughe Montgomery Knatchbull-Hugessen, who at the present time is holding down what has been called "the most difficult post" in the British Foreign Service as Ambassador to Nazi-menaced strategic Turkey.

the worst of it before then. Such a purely numerical calculation—which, by the way, assumes that "the Axis" will still be effectively functioning by mid-1942—leaves out of account our oft-proven technical and moral superiority over the German Air Force. The recent daylight raid on Cologne and the raid on Brest last Sunday, when our *Blenheims* drove away the fighters circling above the port and proceeded to carry out their raid without the loss of a plane, look uncommonly like the beginning of daylight air mastery for us, at least along the Channel coast. It will of course be many months yet before we have this firmly established. But in the constantly-improved *Blenheim* and in the Douglas and Martin light bombers we seem to have a combination of speed, bombing power and defensive armament which the Germans have never quite achieved. The nearest they have come to it so far is in fitting bomb-racks under the wings of the two-engined Messerschmitt 110 fighter though admittedly this machine has given us a lot of bother.

The time will come then, when the seizing of a bridgehead on the opposite shore of the Channel, using parachute troops, smothering the defenders with our air bombardment, and landing troops at different points with the help of our sea-power, will become a practicable operation. If we still have a foothold in Greece, and if the Germans have handed us the opportunity of going into Spain or Portugal, we can create diversions from those directions. But since we are never likely to be able to build a bigger army than the German, and only after a couple of years of American industrial mobilization a heavier-armed one, we ought to make every effort in advance to "soften" the enemy and stir up trouble for him throughout the conquered territories. We will have also to multiply the efforts of our men by the infusion of a crusading spirit into them. (It is one thing to stand firm on Britain's coasts and fight for bare survival, and another to go on to the Continent and invade Germany). It is here that I don't think we are doing nearly enough.

A Better Europe

We have on the one hand, a cause, and on the other a field in which to sow the seeds of sabotage. Fifth Columnism and revolt, such as Hitler never possessed. First of all we must sustain the hope of the conquered peoples that we shall win in the end. Then as things progress we must propagandize our victories and show them that the day of liberation is coming nearer and nearer. These people might co-operate with us, merely for their liberation from the German yoke, which we have at least always held out before them, except for the Austrians, who certainly ought to be included. But if we are really going to fire their efforts, win all the rest of Europe to our side and encourage our own men in the belief that this time the job is going to be done properly once and for all, we shall have to put forward a plan for a better Europe than that of 1919 or 1939.

Want United Europe

Germany offers these people a united Europe, with economic security. They have found that it is the unity of a conscript army and the security of a slave plantation. But that doesn't mean they don't still want a united Europe, freed from war, and some sort of economic security. A clear and bold statement of our determination to build such a Europe should be made without further delay. It should be made by an Allied Council—and none has yet been formed! Better still, it might be called the European Federal Council. I am not wholly wedded to the federal principle for Europe and can see great difficulties in its application. But it may be the only adequate solution and I doubt if any lesser appeal would fire people.

Such a campaign means occasional leaflet flights over each of the conquered countries. It requires a Freedom Radio Station in Britain for each of the enslaved peoples—not neglecting the Germans and Austrians, the first peoples enslaved by the Nazis. It would require the arranging of widespread sabotage. With our sea power we ought to be able to easily maintain contact with elements in all the maritime countries of Western Europe, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Norway. We could smuggle in to them quantities of leaflets, arms, explosives, printing presses, small radio transmitters—and rumors. There is no reason why we shouldn't use this latter effective weapon to keep Hitler watching for our moves all over the place, as he has kept us watching up to now.

Italy should have special attention. Mr. Churchill's broadcast ap-

peal by no means exhausted the possibilities of propagandizing the Italian people against its guilty Fascist leadership and their unpopular German ally. I think we ought to tell the Italians what peace terms we are prepared to offer them. We are in a good position to offer generous terms, because we can have no interest in permanently weakening Italy. That would only play into Germany's hands, as did the carving up of Austria-Hungary. The Italian people are being sufficiently chastised to remember for a long time, and they are an important and valuable element in Western, Christian Civilization. Our job is to encourage them to blame Mussolini for their troubles and not just hate us.

Here, then, is a bare outline of the work on which we ought to be busy now, in preparation for the day when we actually come to grips with the German Army and press a military decision on it. Propaganda, sabotage, rumors—these can weaken the enemy, distract his forces, hasten the end of the war, and save the lives of our men.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Canada Still Wears Political Diapers

BY POLITICUS

Dear Ted:

IT TOOK a long time for your letter to get here. That can be expected with the German sea attacks and the slow convoys. But I was delighted to hear from you and know that you are fit, though fed up with waiting and ready to take a crack at Jerry when the time comes.

You ask what's new at home?

Well, there are a lot of things new and I hardly know where to start. But there is one thing here that I must have to get off my chest and I know you'll understand. You remember all those nights when we used to sit, bend an elbow and chew the fat. I remember them well because you used to argue so hard and insist that Canada was politically immature. And, it makes me laugh now, I used to deny it.

Immature? Good Lord! We're still wearing our diapers. Here we are in the midst of a world revolution and we still seem to think that it doesn't concern us very much; that we can still go on trying to make more money and if we can only sit tight we'll be a great big nation and do kind of well out of the show.

Well, Ted, take what we're doing at home. Since the Blitzkrieg things have speeded up quite a bit. Contracts have gone out by the million or billion or something. The papers are full of pieces about what we will produce at the end of the year and in a year and a half. Everybody is full of hurrah for the war effort. Everything is just fine. Just fine. And then you look around and find there are no 25-pounders turned out as yet and no real idea when they will be. We haven't the foggiest idea when the first tanks will start rolling off the line. Goodness knows when the aircraft production mess will be cleared up and that hasn't anything to do with engines. We are importing them. There is no general enlistment—no equipment for the men. There is a shortage of skilled labor but plenty of unemployed and a horrible lack of first-class management. Yes, Ted, that's one of our big bottlenecks, though you don't hear many squawks about it.

I can just see you sitting there saying: "Why the hell don't you do something about it?" Well, I'm doing all I can in my own way and that's trying to show those shortages and bottlenecks and writing about them. But guess what's happening?

Principle and Practice

You just can't criticize. Of course on principle I don't think there's a single cabinet minister here who won't agree that there must be criticism and suggestion in this war effort. But just try to place the blame where it belongs and you get into the damndest hot water.

Fifth columnist is only one thing. You're called a —, or if that isn't good enough you're a —. Or they'll have a good laugh if you take a poke at Mitch, but just as soon as you touch one of their own babies when you're a skunk or a rat or a poison pen or a sour-puss. Sure, freedom and the British Way and democracy is swell to spout off the stump or over the radio, but when you try to work on those principles when you're dangerous and all the stuffed shirts and stooges for the 24 heeled in high office can't think of enough things to do to you. Getting a guy fired to stop him seems the easiest way out to those phonies.

And before you think I'm going off the deep end about the apathy here just let me refer you to Isley. He's the minister of finance now. He spoke at the Canadian Clubs in Montreal and in Toronto. We are not saving enough and turning those savings into war savings stamps and certificates. We are not denying ourselves enough. Well, how in Heaven can the Government expect people to deny themselves a pair of shoes or a new dress or a hat if every day all sorts of propaganda

goes out to the voters telling them that it is a magnificent war effort, that everything is hunky dory?

If everything is okay why should anyone deny himself? Perhaps we can have our cake and eat it too.

But coming back to criticism. A lot of the cabinet ministers and their front men here think all this talk of the right to expose, to criticize, to even get mad, is something we ought to suppress during the war. Freedom has to be given up for the duration! You never heard such nonsense before. It isn't only the abstract question of freedom. Criticism is absolutely essential if we are to win the war. And putting it on that basis alone there should be no attempt to stop it provided the intent of winning the war is there. British law has found no difficulty in finding whether or not there is *mens rea*. There is no more difficulty today.

Sweeten the Critics

There are a lot of press liaison officers around here. Most of them are good fellows but they've got the idea one of their jobs is to sweeten the critics. "Be balanced. Don't criticize without saying something good about a man."

"Be balanced." I suppose if any of those fellows were reading this letter they would say I wasn't balanced because I didn't say that while this country is politically immature it is full of nice people who love their mothers! Balance each article! What the devil do they want—a complete orchestra of praise? They've got practically that now.

Some day I'm going to do a piece On Being Balanced. I'll start off by telling all the good things I can think of about all the politicians and then saying: "Now take this as read in all pieces you see in the future."

Just to Go on Record

You know, Ted, it's not a bad idea. Let's see. We could start with Willie King. Something like this:

KING: He never beats his wife. He has a nice round tummy. He likes being Prime Minister. His grandfather was William Lyon Mackenzie and was a radical who wore two overcoats on top of each other. He was a good student at Varsity. He has led the Liberal party since August 1919. He got the freedom of the cities of London and Sheffield in 1923 and Manchester and Edinburgh in 1926. He certainly can win elections and he is nice to his dog Pat who is now getting old.

HANSON: He means well. He doesn't try to put his foot into it every time he opens his mouth. He has a nice shiny bald head. He wears wing collars. He was born at Bocabec, N.B. He was mayor of Fredericton on two occasions, both by acclamation. He has a B.A. and an LL.B. He belongs to the old school, the old, old, school and he would like to be in a National Government cabinet.

LAPOINTE: He is a great orator. He did a good job in helping lick Duplessis. Arthur Slaght, who has been pretty quiet since Bennett hit him so hard on the chin he broke his ankle, told the House of Commons that Mr. Lapointe is a great man. Ernest would like to go to the Senate. He is a fine broth of a man, went to the League of Nations in 1922 and is a member of the Rideau Club.

HOWE: He has nice white hair. He plays a pretty good game of golf and has been known to play with Grattan O'Leary. He likes his friends and everybody who gets a big contract is beholden to him.

GARDINER: He is only a little fellow but he is a powerful politician. He never forgets a friend if he is a member of the party and has done something for him. He knows how to play the political cards close

to his chest and is doing two big jobs.

MACKENZIE: He used to be quite a catch for the twittering daughters of ambitious Ottawa mothers. He is a friend of Hahn's and has a lovely brogue.

MACDONALD: He is quite tall and doesn't look to be in his fifties.

MULOCK: His grandfather has a fine white beard.

You get the idea, Ted. It might make a good piece.

England Knows How

It must be wonderful to be over there now where people are real and understand the meaning of the political system under which they live and where there is a chance of getting a look at Churchill or Bevin, or those little Union Jacks stuck up over the bombed homes in the East End that Sir Hugh Dowding told us about at a Press Conference the other day. Those people know what they are fighting for and are so sure and so marvellous that it might be an idea to send all members of the House of Commons over there for a few lessons.

And talking of Churchill. Do these mugs here ever realize that if there had been no free criticism in England, Churchill would not now be Prime Minister and Heaven only knows what might have happened to the Empire? Do they realize that if there had been the type of suppression practised in Britain that these fellows would like to see here, the war might have been lost? Don't they ever read anything? It might be a good idea if there were a public subscription to give a set of Lloyd George's Memoirs to every minister of the Crown so that they would be able to read how the *Times* was burned in the streets of London when it first exposed the lack of shells in the Great War. And how Northcliffe's persistence forced not only the resignation of Asquith and the calling to office of Lloyd George but finally did much to win the war. That mistake is not being made in Britain today, bless them.

We ought to start praying for a Canadian Northcliffe right now.

Perhaps you can't get a chance to see the *Times* in London. Your letter doesn't say just where your camp is. But there is something I copied out of a copy of the *Times* a friend let me look at that just fits the picture. It was a report that was not played down. The speech reported is not that of some fellow in a cloistered hall or some crackpot editor. It was by a fellow right in the midst of the war job over there—Harold Balfour, Under-Secretary of State for Air. And it is reported in the *Times* of November 14, 1940. In case you missed it I am typing it out for you. It's worth reading. Here it is, funny little *Times* heading and all:

"BE DISCONTENTED,
BE ANGRY"

"Captain Harold Balfour, Under-Secretary of State for Air, speaking last night at Swindon in connexion with war weapons week, said that apathy had perhaps been one of our chief faults, taking life for granted—expecting plums of good fortune to fall into our hands. We could do that no longer.

"To win we must pay the price. We must be willing to make our bodies tired and to empty our pockets; to give up every jewel we cherish—every material possession. For, by heaven, if through covetousness or miserly conceit over our possessions we should fail in this hour, then a time would come when that spirit and that character which were the driving force of our nation would desert us. Then, truly, should we face disaster.

"If you ask me how I believe we can achieve our maximum effort in work, in national service, and in saving, I would reply: Be discontented, be angry, be intolerant. Cultivate the offensive spirit in industry, as do

our Air Force pilots in their fighting. "We must be discontented with our efforts of yesterday and today, in each and every direction, just because we are riled at not being able to do more or achieve all we had hoped.

"Be angry, because the smallest sign of complacency in any one of us, whether he be a Minister of the Crown or the most junior worker in our munitions effort, is at once a sign of danger. In this war we must never be satisfied with what we are doing—no one can do too much. Let us be rebellious against waste and inefficiency.

"Be intolerant, because soft words, too much consideration for one's own or the other man's weakness, the possibility of smiling in order to make the moment more pleasant—all these are weaknesses. Only by being stirred against everyone who you feel is not doing everything they might—including oneself

—only by this will we get where we want to, and where we must, in order to secure victory over the threat that faces us and the rest of the world."

Ted, November 14 was the day Coventry was bombed.

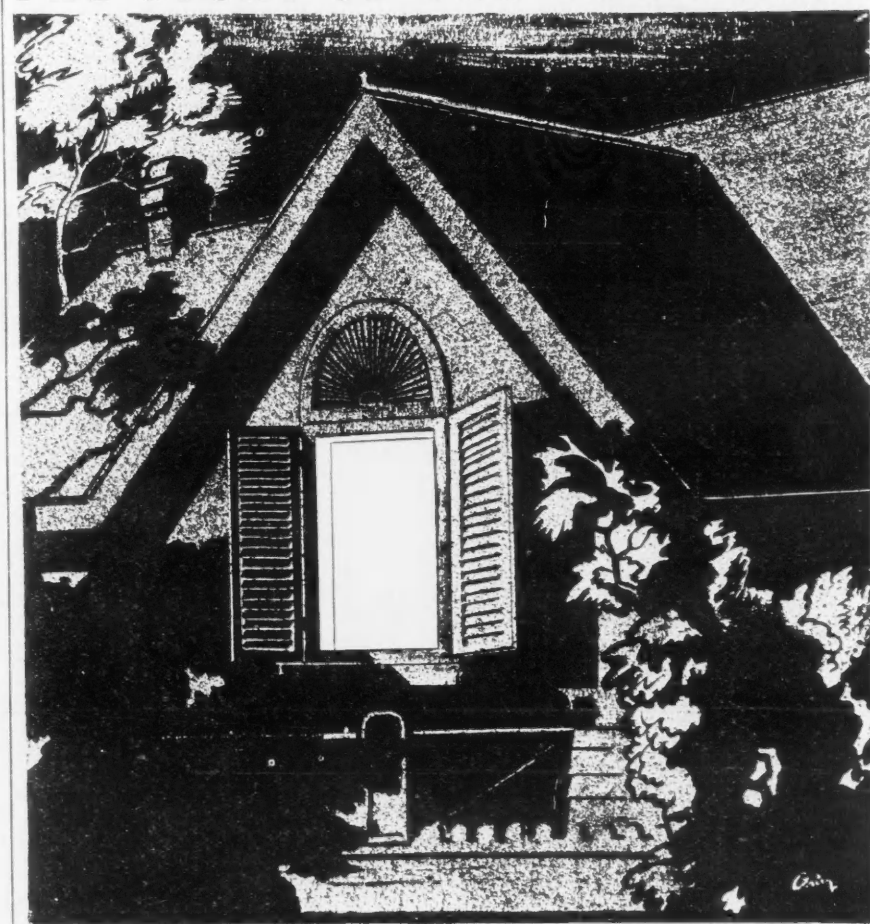
I've rambled on too long and haven't begun to tell you much of what's going on here, but don't think I'm hepped on the subject of criticism. No man is perfect but we can't afford too many mistakes today, especially since it's taking us so long to get into all-out production. I do wish though, Ted, that someone told these birds that the real disloyal writer is he who goes down on his knees, licks the shoes of a minister and then applies the blacking to his copy-paper.

The best of everything Ted, and say hello to Pat and his wife.

Sincerely,

POLITICUS.

THE STORY OF THE TELEPHONE



In an attic bedroom...

● On a July night in 1874, in a room under the eaves of an old house near Brantford, Ont., a young man sat at a table cluttered with crude, home-made apparatus. Into a shell-like receiver, roughly resembling a human ear, he alternately sang and shouted, concentrating always on vowel sounds—"E, Ah, A, I". This went on hour after hour, night after night, until the young man succeeded in producing, on a piece of smoked glass, tracings caused by vibrations of the human voice! The young man's name was Alexander Graham Bell. Years later, he declared: "At that moment the telephone was born." Today, Bell's dream of continent-wide telephone communication is realized through the coast-to-coast circuits of the Trans-Canada Telephone System.

This is the first in a series of advertisements dealing with the development of Long Distance Telephone Service in Canada . . . and culminating in the opening of the Trans-Canada Telephone System in 1932.



TRANS-CANADA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

BOOKS ON THE WAR

From Beginning to End

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

EUROPE IN THE SPRING, by Clare Boothe. \$3.00.

SAW IT HAPPEN IN NORWAY, by Carl J. Hambro. \$3.00.

THE SHAPE OF THE WAR TO COME, Anonymous. \$1.35.

YOU might think from its title that "Europe in the Spring" is "dated," but it is too big a story for that. It is the biggest story of our time, of the lethal inertia, woeful ignorance, blind patriotism, corroding jealousies, mortal miscalculations and criminal complacency which characterized the background of Hitler's First Spring Blitzkrieg. Here is an American Douglas Reed trying to rouse her country in time.

After a winter of argument on whether the war concerned the United States, Miss Boothe decided to go and see for herself. She landed in Italy, where she had an interesting experience with Count Ciano and his Edda, and found that "all the buildings in Rome . . . looked somehow too big for the Romans. I thought that either the Italians had shrunk quite a lot or they intended to grow. Both were true." But by far the best and most important part of the book has to do with France. In a masterly piece of reporting she recreates the mood of the "Sitzkrieg," the "phony war" of last winter and spring. Everyone in Paris was sure that French morale was stronger than German morale, that time was working for the Allies, that the Boche would do the stupid thing and throw himself against the impregnable defences of the Maginot Line (because he wouldn't want to take on two million extra Dutch and Belgian soldiers, would he, and open up our way to the Ruhr?); or Germany would collapse economically. Still there was a good deal of concern as to whether the morale of the French troops would stand up under a long siege, and some talk even in April about "old gaga Pétain being trotted out by the slicker politicians as an 'out-front' man" should social revolution threaten.

She didn't find that either the British or French in Paris really liked or trusted the other, although at that time they were only admitting it to Americans. The French were very bitter about the blunders of British diplomacy since 1918, which they claimed had brought on this war. They weren't very nice about America, either, although they had great hopes of Mr. Roosevelt, and Ambassador "Bill" Bullitt was "terribly, terribly popular, especially with his good old friends, Pierre Laval and Marshal Pétain." But France kept the real news concerning the state of the nation, the dark political intrigue of the ex-Premiers, the Communist sabotage in the war

industries, the yearning of the poilus only to return home, "hermetically sealed within her borders" by a blind censorship. When she went to England the writer was astounded at the number of people who asked her: "What is going on in France? What are the French thinking?" She could tell them. She knew then, on the last day of May, that France was going down, and had already "watched with fear the hatred of the French for the English growing by giant leaps and bounds." There is a great deal in her brilliant and passionate book which almost anyone would still find useful in trying to understand developments in France.

IN "I Saw it Happen in Norway," (which incidentally was written in English), Mr. Hambro effectively lays the legend that the conquest of Norway was aided by widespread treachery among Norwegians. There was the "lunatic" Quisling; but for the rest there was just a paralyzing stupefaction at suddenly discovering that a long professed friend was in reality a deadly enemy. The treachery came from the German consuls, attachés, secretaries, commercial travelers and shipping men who, while accepting cordial Norwegian hospitality had for years been setting up their Trojan Horse "within the privileged stable of their legation and consulates."

But if the perfection of the German arrangements, by which their expeditions reached the Oslofjord Narrows at 12.45 A.M., distant Bergen at 2.15 A.M., and still further Trondheim at 3.30 A.M., fascinates one all over again, Mr. Hambro's own hostile formulated plan for getting the Royal Family, Government and Parliament out of Oslo before breakfast is mighty impressive too. He has a great many interesting things to relate about this flight and the German attempts to kill the King and Crown Prince, and many more stories of actions which took place up and down the country, and of which we heard nothing at the time. The centers of mobilization having been seized, young men by the thousand roamed the roads "looking for the Army." The Air Force of 100-odd planes saved almost all of its machines from the initial German onslaught. Some wandered about the country until they ran out of gasoline, others found their way North and fought at Narvik, a number flew to England by way of the Shetlands.

The cost which the tiny Norwegian Navy and the antiquated coastal batteries exacted from the Germans, for all the surprise, Mr. Hambro puts higher than has been generally realized, and this has a decided bearing on the prospects of a successful German invasion of alert and powerful Britain. In the Oslofjord "the fortress of Oscarsborg and the torpedo

battery did not open fire until the German ships were very close. And every shell and every torpedo was a toll hit. The greatest German ship, the *Gneisenau* (26,000 tons), was hit by two torpedoes, exploding the oil tanks on board and setting the ship on fire. . . . It went down in a terrible blaze of flame before the captain could ground it at Digerud, and those of the 3000 aboard who tried to jump overboard were burned to death in the oil covering the surface of the sea." The big new cruiser *Blucher* (10,000 tons) "was sunk by the artillery of Oscarsborg. 1600 persons are said to have been on board; several hundred were saved." Just previously to this the 5400-ton cruiser *Emden* had been "severely damaged" by the *Olav Trygvason*. "The Germans made no more attempts to get by Oscarsborg. They landed their troops further South. . . ."

At Kristiansand "the German cruiser *Karlruhe* (6000 tons) and some minor craft were sunk," but the Germans later got in after sending a message in the secret Norwegian naval code that an Allied squadron was coming to the aid of the garrison, and then approaching under French colors. At Bergen "the 6000-ton cruiser *Koenigsberg* was severely damaged by the coastal battery (and sunk by an English bomber shortly afterward)." At Narvik the 40-year-old coastal defence ship *Eidsvold* went out to meet the enemy but was blown up when the very first shell hit her magazine. Her sister-ship, the *Norge*, remained near the quay, and when the Germans came sank the leading destroyer (out of 14) and forced another aground before being torpedoed herself. The German merchant-ships in port, like others in Bergen and Trondheim, at once speared soldiers and machine-guns and joined in the fighting. That is how the Germans captured Norway at a cost of 67,000 men, of whom 25,000 were drowned at sea.

"THE Shape of the War to Come" is a rather fantastic "history" of the war, presumably written from the vantage point of 1945. Actually it seems to have been finished about last mid-September. What grips one's attention is the author's prediction of a mid-winter invasion of Britain, although it is hard to swallow his assertion that this was first intended at the time of the invasion of Norway, and that the preparations of last August and September were only a blind to make the British think the attempt had been made and had failed, and therefore the greatest danger was past. What the Germans wanted all the time, this anonymous writer insists, was the foggiest night imaginable, and not a summer full moon.

He doesn't explain how they navigated their ships and planes so unerringly in this fog, but they did succeed in "dropping tens of thousands of parachutists into a small sector of the Eastern Midlands" whose defenders "had been lured to the coast to repel other forces arriving in 300-man submarine trailers, barges and speed-boats." At the same time "many divisions" had landed in Ireland, from which they invaded the British West Coast under cover of gigantic cannon laying down a barrage of gas shells. "The idea was to cut England in half, killing her in a single slicing movement." But the British were too well prepared, and at the end of a week the Germans "withdrew." Then, in March 1941, they attacked Russia, crossed to Vladivostok and, conveyed by the Japanese Navy, invaded Alaska and B.C. "The audacity of this plan," the writer concedes, "seemed unbelievable. But it came within a hair's breadth of succeeding." But the Americans repelled the attack, and smashed Japan as well. Britain recaptured Gibraltar, an allied army invaded Germany from Sweden, 30,000 American-made planes wiped out Berlin, the entire Ruhr was set aflame, Hitler went mad, and "a great darkness descended over Germany." The war ended in September 1943.

DO PEOPLE in the mass exhibit a "childish, primitive, inferior, mean and altogether despicable intelligence"? Or is this merely a reflection of the propagandist's own mind? F. C. Bartlett, the author of an excellent little treatise on "Polit-

ical Propaganda" (\$1.10) claims that there is "not one scrap of empirical evidence" to prove that Goebbels, Gayda and Co. have any special knowledge of the psychology of the "masses."

Lt.-Col. Clive Garsia thinks, rather curiously, that "The Key to Victory" (\$2.50) is to be found in a detailed study of the planning and execution of the three Battles of Gaza, in the Palestine campaign of 1917. Even more curiously he presents a foreword by Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, who almost totally disagrees with his interpretation.

Two excellent weekly war commentaries are those in the *London*

Illustrated News by Capt. Cyril Falls, the military correspondent of the *London Times*, and in *The Spectator* by "Strategicus." An outstanding bargain in war magazines is the *War Weekly*, which is unfortunately presented in a very cheap cover but contains an article on the war at sea every week by Francis McMurtrie, the editor of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, one on the war in the air by Major Oliver Stewart, editor of the British magazine *Aeronautics*, and one on the war on land by A. G. Macdonnell, occasionally heard on the B.B.C. There are many maps and photos in addition, and diagrams of new types of planes, ships, tanks and guns.



Sal Hepatica works quickly to relieve both constipation and excess gastric acidity — that's why it helps clear up colds fast!

QUICKLY, yet gently, Sal Hepatica cleanses the system of wastes. At the same time, it helps nature combat excess gastric acidity.

When you have a cold or suffer from headaches or upset stomach, not just one, but two conditions are usually responsible—wastes in the system and excess gastric acidity. So tackling just one condition, leaves the other to aggravate and prolong your below-par feeling.

That's why you need Sal Hepatica—a sparkling saline laxative that

combats excess gastric acidity as well as constipation!

Next time a cold comes your way, help clear it up quicker with speedy Sal Hepatica. Start taking Sal Hepatica at the first sneeze or sniffle—two teaspoonfuls in a glass of water first thing in the morning or last thing at night. In addition, get plenty of rest, drink lots of liquids and watch your diet. That's the modern way to fight a cold!

Get an economical family size bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today!



Sal Hepatica works two ways to break up a COLD more quickly and to relieve these effects of constipation and excess gastric acidity:

Indigestion, Upset Stomach,
Headaches, Rheumatic Pains
Faulty Complexion,
"Fatigue Depression"

Whenever you need a laxative take speedy SAL HEPATICA



Australian shock troops who travelled 7,000 miles for a crack at the Italians, entered Bardia, the gateway to Eastern Libya, last week after a fierce two-day assault, taking 25,000 prisoners. British mechanized forces such as these backed them. Thus the way was opened to Tobruk.

"Stuffy" Dowding

BY SYDNEY HAMPDEN

"Stuffy" Dowding, otherwise Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Caswall Tremenhoe Dowding, C.B., C.M.G., is the man who gave Britain's Spitfires and Hurricanes eight machine guns each, against the enemy planes' four, which fact was largely responsible for the winning of the Battle of Britain.

Sir Hugh has a record and personality that promise just as much effectiveness in his new position as Britain's link with U.S. air production.

AMERICANS have been calling Sir Hugh "Stuffy" Dowding the "saviour of the world" because his fighters won the Battle of Britain against Goering's much-vaunted Luftwaffe, which was to reduce London to smoking ruins and thereby crush the British people.

Sir Hugh Dowding is the best man whom Britain could send to America as her link with U.S. air production, for Americans are ready to listen to "Stuffy." In certain directions the U.S.A. can help British air effort even more than she is doing already, but experienced guidance is needed. Sir Hugh goes to the U.S.A. to bring the personal touch.

"His assignment," says Raymond Daniell, the famous New York Times columnist, "has special significance. It is no secret that the British think American manufacturers have been too preoccupied with commercial planes to develop fully the possibilities of armament. That is where Sir Hugh comes into the picture. Fresh from his experiences gained in the battle of London, he knows what is needed and is expected to contribute some useful ideas to American designers..."

Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Caswall Tremenhoe Dowding, C.B., C.M.G., is a tall, cadaverous Scotsman. He is the man who in the face of great opposition finally convinced the Air Council to put eight synchronized machine guns in our famous fighter planes, the Spitfire and the Hurricane. Manoeuvrability, firing power, speed is his motto. He kept repeating it month after month until the Air Council finally gave in and our magnificent fighters were then built.

Born at Moffat in 1882, he was educated at Winchester and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Entering the Army as a Gunner officer in 1900 he saw service in South Africa. He remained with the Royal Artillery until 1914 when he was seconded to the Royal Flying Corps, in which he was one of the first thousand to hold the Royal Aero Club's flying certificate.

In the Great War he proved himself a daring and distinguished pilot at the front and emerging at the end with the C.M.G. and service mentions in despatches was marked down as air officer with a promising career ahead of him. He was married in 1918 and has one son and one daughter, who have now left school behind them.

After the war "Stuffy" Dowding was welcomed when he applied for a permanent commission in the newly formed R.A.F. and was given rank of Group Captain. After being promoted to Air Commodore in 1922 he served as Chief Staff Officer at both the Inland Command and in Iraq. In 1926 he was appointed Director of Training at the Air Ministry. Three years later he was promoted to Air Vice-Marshal and appointed temporary Air Officer Commanding in Transjordan and Palestine. Shortly afterwards he was made Air Officer Commanding of the Fighting Arm for the Air Defence of Great Britain. In 1937 he became Air Chief Marshal. He also was honored by being given the post of Principal A.D.C. to the King.

Why "Stuffy"?

The origin of his nickname "Stuffy" is not known. He received it during his days as a junior officer in the Royal Artillery. Today, grey, with clipped military moustache, he has that grave look and stiff bearing more typical of the distinguished and experienced soldier than of the general run of Air Commanders.

In addition to Sir Hugh's insistence on the use of synchronized machine guns on British fighter machines he was also responsible for the decision to place the cockpit on the Hurricane behind the engine where the pilot would have a maximum of protection. On his own initiative he worked with a firm of glass manufacturers for a year until they developed a pilot's windshield that would shed machine gun bullets.

It would be impossible to overestimate the importance of these de-



Sir Hugh Dowding

cisions in the Battle of Britain. Our advantage in the air over the Germans in daylight air battles was due more than anything else to the fact that our machines have twice as many machine guns in each plane as our opponents. Our machines are probably not superior in any other way, but as every captured German airman admits no bomber pilot in the world can stay in formation against our eight machine guns.

In August 1939, a month before war broke out "Stuffy" Dowding gave a broadcast talk. In it he stated that successful defence depended mainly on what happened to the enemy when he was intercepted. He declared that British ability to intercept would attain close on 100 per cent efficiency. He also insisted that the "black-out" must be complete.

One interesting point he made which has proved to be true was that the use of heavy high explosive bombs was not a profitable proposition against strongly-protected concrete shelters. The Germans at the present time have now learnt this lesson and are turning more and more to the use of lighter bombs which detonate on impact and cause surface damage.

His Telephone System

Sir Hugh was mainly responsible for organizing the remarkable "private" telephone system, which informed him at his country house headquarters of the direction of every Nazi bomber which crossed the British coasts, so that he could instantly direct the defence to meet them. It will be remembered, also, that it was his task to direct the siren warning system throughout the country and how well on the whole this very difficult matter was arranged so that it gave a fair amount of warning, while at the same time disturbing as little as possible the national life.

His only son is in the Royal Air Force today. Even at fifty-eight Sir Hugh still flies his own plane. He is noted for his unsmiling wit, his knobby knees, his stubborn Scotch temper and his quick decisions.

"The life of a military aviator," he tells his men, "consists of hours of idleness punctuated by moments of fear."

He has always been remarkably popular with those under him, despite his gruffness. His personality—most un-American in type—is nevertheless one that is likely to earn the regard and respect of Americans, for he is just what they imagine a senior British officer to be like. According to their ideas his manner may be a bit "stuffy", but they will expect that.

There is reason to think that if any Britisher will succeed in getting plenty done in the United States, that man will be "Stuffy" Dowding. Indeed, he is probably going to find himself lionized, which he will not appreciate.

WEEK TO WEEK

There'll Always Be THE England

BY B. K. SANDWELL

TALK about the possibility of a wholesale migration of the heart of the British Empire, political, financial and industrial, from the British Isles to the Dominion of Canada has provided interesting headlines in various American and Canadian newspapers from time to time for some years past. How seriously it has been taken by the Canadian population we have no idea, but it is somewhat startling to read of conjectures that the desire to promote some such project may have formed part of the reason for the visit of the Hon. C. D. Howe to London. If this idea has got to the point where high officers of state are taking it seriously, it is time that it was squelched; and the article by Mr. H. F. Nicholson in another part of this issue should go a long way towards squelching it.

The only reason that can be advanced for any such transfer is the danger to which British population centres are permanently exposed from hostile aircraft proceeding from the adjacent shores of continental Europe. If this process of reasoning is valid, and if it be admitted that Germany can afford to maintain an air force more powerful than any which can be maintained by Great Britain, it follows that there can be no political, industrial or financial centre anywhere in Europe except by the consent, and under the domination, of Germany. If the Germans can prevent the British Isles from maintaining a great centre of international finance and industry, they can much more prevent any such centre from being maintained in France, in Italy, or in any of the smaller countries. To admit that finance and industry can be driven out of Great Britain by the danger of German attack is to admit that Germany is the master of the whole of Europe, up to whatever border the government of Russia may decide can be maintained against her. And indeed if Germany can dominate the whole of Europe by her air ascendancy, there seems to be little reason to suppose that she would not be equally able to dominate Russia.

THIS assumption that Germany is capable of permanently maintaining an air force which will make the whole of Europe untenable is no doubt very congenial to the Germans, but it involves some very large assumptions. The present air superiority of Germany, which we are given to understand will be brought to an end about the close of this year, is the result of no natural and inevitable sequence of events, but simply of a period of almost incredible preparative activity in Germany and of quite incredible apathy and inactivity in Great Britain. The air arm is a new arm, the capabilities of which were only beginning to be faintly realized at the end of the last war. The Germans have no special advantages for it, but they were the first to perceive its possibilities and to act upon the perception; and they have the benefit of it is a benefit for this particular purpose of a form of government which enables them to engage in preparative activities for air fighting upon an unprecedented scale, without having to explain their purposes to their own people and without having to go through the ordinary democratic procedure of voting taxes in order to raise the necessary funds. This has been an immense advantage to them temporarily, but the idea that they can possess these advantages, or indeed any particular advantages for air fighting in comparison with the British, as a permanent thing seems to have no foundation.

WHEN the British have attained superiority in the air in the course of this war, they will have something which there is no more

reason why they should ever surrender than there is reason why they should ever surrender their supremacy on the sea. The two things indeed go together. The cohesion of the British Empire depends upon the control of the sea, and the control of the sea can no longer be maintained without control of the air. An empire which can afford to maintain the fleet necessary for control of the sea can equally afford to maintain the air forces necessary for control of the air. We may well hope that it will not always be necessary to maintain them upon the scale which is now necessary in order to cope with the air force of a Germany which has been preparing an assault upon human liberty for the past eight years. But whatever Germany can do, and for however long, the British Empire can do more and for longer. Its only difficulty is that it so frequently starts too late.

Unified by its command of the sea and air, and secure in the friendship of the only other great naval and air power besides Germany and Russia, the British Empire has economic and personnel advantages for the maintenance of sea and air supremacy such as Germany can never have. With supremacy in those two spheres, it should not be necessary for her to maintain, as Germany must always do (unless in a disarmed world), a large land force permanently under arms. But obviously the maintaining of the Empire's supremacy in the air and on the sea is no longer a matter for the British Isles alone. We all recognize now, and it will not be difficult for us to continue to recognize from now on, that whatever naval and aerial preparations are necessary for the security of Great Britain are

CONSOLATION

I LOVED that perfect rose—
Its shape, its breath, its hue.
What gloating demon made you
crush it,
Color, sweetness, dew?

Woman-wise, I sniff its comrade.
Time will take that, too.

UNDA WOOD.

preparations which are necessary for the security of the Empire. The heart of the Empire cannot be moved to Canada or to Australia or to anywhere else on the earth's surface. And the heart of the Empire must be in a place where it is absolutely secure against any enemy attack. It is the business of the whole Empire to see that that security shall never in the future be imperilled as it has been by the years of sloppy peace-at-any-price sentiment and of flabby and meaningless foreign policies, both in Great Britain and in all the other countries of the Empire, which have brought us to this present crisis.

OPINION about the position of the British Isles in relation to air attack from the continent has been altogether too much influenced by an improper interpretation placed upon a famous utterance of Lord Ealdwin: "The bomber will always get through." That is perfectly true in the sense that aerial warfare is not the kind of warfare against which one can erect an impregnable line of defence and sit behind it in security. But it does not in the least imply that the British Isles are indefensible. The bomber will always get through in both directions; and the German bomber will cease to be told to try to get through over Britain whenever it is certain that for every one who gets through over Britain, three British bombers will immediately get through over Germany. The British Isles cannot be made safe from German raiders, but Germany can be, and must be, made to realize that raiding the British Isles is very unsafe for Germany.



The mayor of "a bombed area" supervises the distribution of clothing sent from the United States and Canada by the "Save the Children Fund".

YOUR INCOME TAX

HOW? WHEN? WHERE?

WHO? HOW MUCH?



THIS YEAR, almost every man and woman in Canada will share the burden of paying for the war. A million new taxpayers will pay who never paid before. A personal budget payment plan is available to old taxpayers who are faced with substantially increased income taxes.

Canadians are asked to shoulder their share of the war effort cheerfully and willingly. By paying your income tax regularly you help to speed the production of war material, and bring the day of victory closer. Figure out how much tax you will have to pay, and arrange to pay promptly when due.

Pay by instalments—the easy way—and save interest.

Cut out this page and keep it for future reference.



WHO PAYS INCOME TAX?

If you are a single person without dependents, and your income in 1940 was more than \$750.00 you pay general-income-tax.

If you are a married person without dependents, and your income in 1940 was more than \$1500.00 you pay general-income-tax.

If you are a married person with children, you are allowed \$400.00 exemption for each dependent child or grandchild, in addition to the \$1500.00 exemption.

NOTE: In addition to the general-income-tax you pay National Defence Tax on your total income without any exemption if you are single and your income goes over \$600 or if you are married and your income goes over \$1,200.



HOW DO YOU PAY?

Your income tax may be paid in the following ways,—

1. The Present Method: At least one-third of the tax to be paid by April 30th, the balance, with interest at 5% from April 30th, to be paid by August 31st. On any balance unpaid after August 31st, the interest rate will be 8%.

2. The Proposed Method: In 8 monthly instalments without interest. To take advantage of this new way of paying, the first instalment must be paid on or before January 31st. You must pay at least one-third of the estimated tax in four equal monthly instalments, in January, February, March and April, i.e. 1-12 of the estimated tax in each of the said 4 months. The remaining two-thirds must be paid in four equal monthly instalments in May, June, July and August, i.e. 1-6th of the estimated tax in each of the said 4 months. (This will be in the amended law.)

3. The Recommended Method: This method will not be found in

the law but it is a simple method, namely, in eight equal monthly instalments, without interest, commencing in January.

To take advantage of the monthly payment plan without interest each payment must be made on or before the due dates. Otherwise interest will be charged on the total balance remaining unpaid after April 30th.



EXAMPLE OF INSTALMENT PAYING WITHOUT INTEREST

If your estimated tax is \$60.00 you pay one-third of the tax (\$20.00) in four instalments (\$5.00 each) and the remaining two-thirds (\$40.00) in four instalments (\$10.00 each). Your payments are therefore as follows:

On or Before Jan. 31	On or Before Feb. 28	On or Before Mar. 31	On or Before April 30
\$5	\$5	\$5	\$5
On or Before May 31	On or Before June 30	On or Before July 31	On or Before Aug. 31
\$10	\$10	\$10	\$10 = \$60

However it is recommended that you pay your tax in eight equal monthly instalments of \$7.50 each—\$60.00.

Instalment Income Tax Remittance Forms are available at any post office, or any branch of any bank, or the office of the Inspector for your

District, and their use will ensure accurate and proper allocation of your payment. However, you can send in your instalments by ordinary letter with your name and address plainly stated thereon, clearly indicating the division between Provincial and Dominion Tax payments.



HOW MUCH DO YOU PAY?

The general-income-tax is payable on your net income less exemptions.

If you are single, your exemption is \$750.00. Thus if your total income is \$1,000.00 you must pay tax on \$250.00.

The exemption for a married person is \$1,500.00 plus \$400.00 for each dependent child or grandchild. Thus if you are a married man with two children and a total income of \$2,600.00 your total exemptions are \$1,500.00 plus \$400.00 for each child, or \$2,300.00 in all. So you pay tax on \$300.00.

Payment: You may send a cheque, Post Office or Money Order in payment of income tax by mail, to the Inspector of Income Tax for the District in which you reside, made payable to the Receiver General of Canada. Write plainly, and give your name in full, so that mistakes in crediting may be avoided. Do not send money or postage stamps in envelopes.

RATES OF NATIONAL DEFENCE TAX

For a single person

- 2% on the total income if the income exceeds \$600 and does not exceed \$1,200.
- 3% on the total income if the income exceeds \$1,200.

For a married person

- 2% on the total income if the income exceeds \$1,200 with a tax credit of \$8.00 for each dependent child or grandchild.

For 1940 the tax is on one-half of the income and the tax credit is \$4.00.



FURTHER INFORMATION

including the National Defence Tax Booklet and the necessary forms may be obtained from the Inspector of Income Tax for the district in which you reside.

Forms are now available. Form T.1 Special is to be used by individuals who are not in business whose income is not more than \$5000. All others must use the regular form T.1 or in the case of farmers, Form T.1A. Proprietors in business must file, in addition to the Form T.1 Return, an Excess Profits Tax Return on Form E.P.T.1 on or before April 30th next.

Rates of General-Income-Tax which Individuals Must Pay

Your net taxable income is the amount left after you deduct exemptions from your total income.

If your net taxable income is \$250 or less the tax is 6% thereon.

If between \$250 and \$1000 the tax is \$	15 plus	8% on the excess over \$	250
" " 1000 and 2000	" 75	" 12	" 1000
" " 2000 and 3000	" 195	" 16	" 2000
" " 3000 and 4000	" 355	" 20	" 3000
" " 4000 and 5000	" 555	" 24	" 4000
" " 5000 and 6000	" 795	" 27	" 5000
" " 6000 and 7000	" 1065	" 30	" 6000
" " 7000 and 8000	" 1365	" 33	" 7000
" " 8000 and 9000	" 1695	" 35	" 8000
" " 9000 and 10000	" 2045	" 37	" 9000

For higher incomes refer to the Income War Tax Act.

In addition to the above rates, there is a surtax on all investment income in excess of \$5000.

Also there is National Defence Tax and in some Provinces, Provincial Income Tax.

IMPORTANT

TO EVERY INCOME TAX PAYER

To enjoy the advantages of the Interest-Free Instalment Plan

You must pay the first instalment not later than January 31st, and pay regularly thereafter



DOMINION OF CANADA INCOME TAX DIVISION
DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL REVENUE

HON. COLIN GIBSON,
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THE BOOKSHELF

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Perils of Pseudo-History

WINGED CITADEL, by Kristmann Gudmundsson. Oxford. \$3.00.

THE fiction-writer who decides to write an historical novel ought to examine his conscience carefully before he begins, for many pitfalls lie in his way, and he should be firm in his purpose before setting out upon it. There are several good reasons why he may undertake such a task: he may feel that his work will give a new understanding of an era, or of a character, or of some problem more readily explicable in terms of people who have actually lived than through creatures of his invention. A great novel which has its roots in this feeling is *The Betrothed* Returns by Thomas Mann. On the other hand, the author may feel that the adventure and movement which he wants to put into his story are more easily credible in a time earlier than his own; to this feeling we owe many of the great inventions of Dumas and Victor Hugo. An author may also want to try his hand at a literary tour de force, and to see how successfully he can capture the style and feeling of a bygone age; to this desire we owe Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*, for example.

There is yet another reason for attempting an historical novel, it is the author's desire to give free play to his phantasy, and to make adventures for himself in a world of his own building. This is the most difficult task of all, for it demands imagination in the highest degree. The author who succeeds, succeeds greatly, whether his creation be a *Don Quixote* or a *Tarzan*; but the author who tries this game and fails, fails indeed.

Mr. Gudmundsson, who is an Icelandic and writes in Norwegian, describes in his novel the adventures of a Greek youth who makes his way to Crete, in those dim days when Greece was still barbaric and Crete and Babylon great centres of civilization. His adventures there, despite a fantastic setting, are commonplace of the psychiatrist's consulting-room. The boy is loved by many women, becomes a powerful priest, is chosen as consort by a beautiful princess, becomes Minos of the island, and at last escapes as Cretan power is destroyed by barbarians. The idea has charm, but the author has not quite the imagination nor the detachment from this age to carry it through successfully. He is too much concerned with proving that mankind is the same and faces the same problems in all ages. To write a novel upon such a theme as this demands romantic flair, and that is one quality which Mr. Gudmundsson has not.

Finally, only a beginner in the field of historical novels would attempt to give his conversation a colloquial flavor. Such a device is a constant trouble to the reader; every commonplace colloquialism is a slight shock to his historical sense. As we cannot know the colloquial language of earlier periods than this, let us have our historical novels written in simple English. This trick of the author's has not been minimized by his translator.

I should not like to discourage anyone who wants to read this book, but to me it was a disappointment. Mr. Gudmundsson has quality, however, and doubtless his next book will be better.

Speak Sternly to Your Little Boy

CHILDREN IN THE FAMILY, by Florence Powdermaker, M.D. and Louise Ireland Grimes. Oxford. \$2.50.

THE subtitle of this book is *A Psychological Guide for Parents and It is written by a lady who is a psychiatrist in association with another lady who has brought up a large family. The result is a compact and complete book about bringing up children from birth to advanced adolescence, in which psychiatric theory and practical experience are nicely blended. No radical practice is advised; the book expresses only such opinions as we are used to hearing from the most trustworthy modern authorities, except in the matter of toilet habits. These authors advocate leaving this important matter until the child is a year old, or more, as an earlier beginning might have unpleasant results on its later development. The great virtue of this book is that it steers a sensible middle course, and is comprehensive. If you want a good book on child training at a reasonable price, here is your article.*

Having expressed a high opinion of this book as a compendious authority, may I now say that it was the dreariest and most depressing reading that I have had in many months? The fault is not wholly that of the authors (though neither of these is a stylist, and no one can tell me that books of this sort are dull by necessity) but rather that of mankind, which spends so much of its early life in pursuits which are nasty and foul. Reading this Newgate Calendar for juveniles I recalled Gilbert's words of disillusion:

It's human nature, p'raps. It so,
Oh isn't human nature low!

The reader of such a book as this must also reflect that mankind seems much the same despite all this cleverness in dealing with infants and young children. We no longer

swaddle our young, nor deck them in plumed velvet hats, nor drug them into silence with soothing syrups; on the contrary we treat them very well, as far as we are able, training them in Social Consciousness and that Bowel Morality (Auto-Intoxication Spells Disaster To The Nation) which is America's contribution to the realm of ethics. But they continue to grow up to be much the same sort of people as their parents and grandparents. This is a thought which all except the most conceited parents and grandparents will find depressing.

Modern training produces healthy and reasonably happy children, but they grow up to be sheepish and comparatively unhappy adults. I am convinced that this is because we do not expect enough of them; our demands are infinitesimal compared to the potentialities of an adult citizen. It is here that the Nazis can teach us a lesson, for they demand much of their people from childhood onward, though they demand the wrong things and are anything but benevolent in their intentions toward the individual. In the book under review, a good deal of stress is laid on the child's relation to its companions, often referred to as "the gang". It is this gang-psychology and all the weakness it implies which we must discard unless we aim to produce a world full of complacent numskulls. At the New York World's Fair last year, Mayor LaGuardia presented a prize to the Typical American Boy, and of this boy an effigy is to be made, presumably to inspire other and more guiltily individual boys to become as typical as possible. How would it be if we put this sort of nonsense behind us, and concentrated on training children to be individual without being maladjusted or insufferable, and throw great the blow to our vanity, to know more than their parents?



Ballet is the most popular theatrical relaxation in war-time London. Dancers are shown here making up for a performance of a new ballet which Frank Staff designed for Enigma Variations of Sir Edward Elgar.

The Sorcerer's Apprentice Speaks

FROM THIRTY YEARS WITH FREUD, by Theodor Reik. Oxford. \$3.00.

EVER since the death of Dr. Sigmund Freud, the founder of that system of investigation into human motives known as psycho-analysis, a flood of brief memoirs and appreciations has appeared in the press and in periodicals here and abroad. Very few of these, however, can carry such weight as this volume by Theodor Reik, Freud's pupil and friend; none which I have seen equals this in intimacy and understanding. Excepting only Freud's *Autobiographical Essay* it is the most informative book about this great man that we have.

Dr. Reik has not written a biography. His book is made up of recollections of conversations with Freud, of evaluations of some parts of his work, and of writings on psycho-analysis which have some direct relation to him. The spirit of humility and reverence in which the book is written does not appear to have clouded Dr. Reik's critical abilities, however. This is a valuable contribution to the literature of psycho-analysis, and as such it will be welcomed by scholars, physicians, and seekers after truth in every walk of life.

We may have to wait many years for a satisfactory biography of Freud. He has been described as one of the greatest minds that humanity has produced; he has also been reviled as Antichrist. It was his bitter task to introduce mankind to certain facts about itself which had formerly been guessed at only by a few poets and sages; mankind chose to regard those facts as unpleasant, and, moved by injured vanity, directed a dreadful fury against Sigmund Freud; what courage and integrity were needed to survive that onslaught can only be comprehended and described for us by a man of Freud's own intellectual stature. For Freud acted under a compulsion to speak the truth as he saw it, regardless of what lightning he drew upon his own head. In the main opposition was led by his fellow physicians, but two of his theories provoked spasms of public indignation: the first of these was his theory of Infantile Sexuality, which is now generally accepted by psychologists and child-doctors in practice, if not in theory; the second was his descrip-

tion of religion as an obsessional neurosis afflicting most of mankind, which view he put forward in *The Future of an Illusion*. A lesser outburst was occasioned by his social criticism, notably that contained in his writings on Death and War, and in the Essay, *Civilization and Its Discontents*.

Misunderstanding and misrepresentation were Freud's portion from the start. Few of his detractors troubled to read his works and many of those who did so read them with an unwillingness to understand. He was abused as an enemy of religion, which he was not, and as a man who advocated sexual license, which he did not. When he wrote about Christianity he was reviled as a Jew; if he had written with bitterness and cynicism, rather than with gravity and penetration he would have been hailed as a wit. He was regarded as a prophet by Communists until he revealed that he did not consider that mankind could be reformed merely by the abolition of private property. Throughout all these storms he remained steadfast to the truth as he saw it.

Dr. Reik's book gives us a few amusing examples of Freud's wit. "Look how impoverished the poet's imagination really is," he once said. "Shakespeare, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, has a woman fall in love with a donkey. The audience wonders at that. And now, think of it, that a nation of sixty-five millions have..." and with a wave of his hand he implied his reference to the Fuehrer. And when he learned that the Nazis had publicly burned his books in Berlin, along with those of Heine, Schnitzler and Wasserman, he said calmly, "At least I burn in the best of company."

For the Young

FUR TRADE APPRENTICE, by Charles Clay. Oxford. \$1.50.

This is a sequel to *Young Voltaire* by the same author, and relates the further adventures of the two young traders from that novel in the Churchill River region of this country. Full of half-breeds, bears and Indian magic, it is admirable reading for boys.

The Canadian northland makes an excellent setting for a tale of adventure, and Mr. Clay seems to know his country well.

THE GENESIS OF PLATO'S THOUGHT by A. D. Winspear. Dryden Press. \$3.00.

IN THE task which Professor Winspear sets himself in his latest book he appears to have succeeded admirably. Plato's philosophy above all others has suffered from its interpreters. Much has been written on the possible truth and validity of the Platonic *Weltanschauung*; little has been said about its meaning, origin, or the function it performed in the historical situation which saw its birth. Those who have hitherto studied Plato have been inclined to ape at the majestic form of his ideas, or have regarded them in a religious light, sensitive to transcendental aspects, but blind to concrete political and social implications. It is these latter implications that interest Professor Winspear. In

laying bare the genesis and application of Plato's thought he departs from the traditional methods of those who chase after the eternal verities within the squirrel-wheel of pure academic scholarship. His is the technique of the sociologist and social psychologist.

"Philosophers (the remarks on page 38) with a very natural impulse to magnify their own cult have tended to claim for it a divine or at least heroic ancestry. It is gratifying to the self-esteem of philosophers, and particularly to professors of philosophy, to think of their vocation as the disinterested speculation of remote and lofty men. 'Philosophy,' said Plato, 'was the child of wonder'; and around this birth there has come to cluster something of the mystery and the glamor of a divine incarnation and a miraculous parthenogenesis. The sceptical temper of our age leads us, however, to look for a more earthy paternity."

In the course of rooting for this "earthy paternity" Professor Winspear finds so much that inclines him to differ with conventional versions of pre-Platonic philosophy, that he is constrained to fill the first section of his book with his own history of that subject, based on his own findings and interpreted in the light of his own categories. To put the matter simply, philosophers from Thales to Plato are divided

Plato As Tory

BY J. G. L. PEARSON

into two camps. There are the "Progressives" and the "Conservatives." There are those whose outlook is predominantly materialistic, empirical, democratic; whose philosophy may be regarded as the propaganda of the depressed classes. There are, on the other hand, the idealists, Pythagoreans, Eleatics and rationalists, whose political philosophy is aristocratic to the core and may be regarded as the counter-propaganda of the slave-owning, property-holding conservative nobility. Socrates and Plato emerge as the arch-apologists of this class. One almost gathers that Socrates was justly put to death by the Athenian democracy because belief in experts, contempt for 'the Many,' and devotion to the landed elite amounted to fifth-column activity!

This bold dichotomy of "leftists" and "rightists" leads Professor Winspear to some remarkable conclusions. The Pythagoreans, we learn, were not aloof devotees of mathematics-for-mathematics-sake. Their interest in geometrical proportion had a political end in view. Arithmetic proportion is levelling, vulgar and democratic. The Pythagoreans did not approve of democracy; therefore, they insisted, the secret of Justice and true equality is to be found in proportion of the geometric variety which allots to the worthy

what is their due and to the unworthy and 'naturally inferior' breeds what is theirs. Plato takes up the argument as to the nature of Justice from here and the discussion of this problem in the *Republic* unfolds before us, sounding no longer like the irresponsible wranglings of undergraduates, but seen against the grim background of class-conflict and social strife.

The student of Greek thought will find much that is arresting and interesting in this book and he cannot afford to neglect it. The use of modern catch phrases and current political jargon is mildly irritating at times and may detract somewhat from the lasting value of the work, but as an attempt to revitalize the political thought of the Greek renaissance in terms of modern social and political experience, the book is unsurpassed. Every generation rewrites the history of the past in its own terms and employs its own ideas and categories. Only the purists of scholarship, if there are any left, will treat this book with disdain, though many will find themselves in disagreement with its central thesis. It is the pet illusion of modern sociology to think that in revealing the genesis of a man's thought it has somehow explained that thought away or weakened its truth. Professor Winspear at times seems to share deeply in that illusion.

has been one of the most important publishing centres in the world. The attentions of German raiders have done little to alter this state of things. The rationing of paper has made it impossible for British firms to print so many books, but no one will consider this a bad thing as long as the standard of the works printed continues to be high. So far as the censors will let us know, only one publishing house in London has been destroyed; it was *The Studio*, in Leicester Square, for many years famous for its fine printing. Londoners will remember its window, which was always full of beautifully produced books, and copies of its own magazine which was familiar to connoisseurs of pictures and fine antiques everywhere in the world. Had the bomb which wrecked *The Studio* fallen a few hundred yards further to the south-east, it would have destroyed Macmillans, one of the largest publishers in the town.

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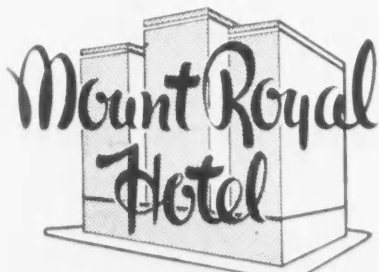
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DIRECTION VERNON G. CARDY

QUEEN OF TEARS: the story of Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, by Jane Oliver. Collins. \$3.50.

THOUGH she had a most intimate connection with the British monarchy for many decades, extraordinarily little attention has been paid to the career of one of the most unhappy of England's Queens, Henrietta Maria, consort of the martyred Charles I. Daughter of one of the greatest of French sovereigns, Henry of Navarre (Henry IV), Queen of England for 24 years (though strangely enough never crowned), she was mother of two Kings, Charles II and James II, and grandmother of three monarchs, William of Orange, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne.

She outlived Charles I by 20 years, long enough to see the House of Stuart restored in full favor, but herself relegated to a negligible position. Jane Oliver, who in previous books has dealt with phases of Stuart history, from the Scottish angle, in this fascinating book throws much light on Henrietta's activities in Paris, after she left England in 1644, midway in the Parliamentary wars, to try to raise aid for Charles among her royal relatives on the continent. Much of the material comes from the Memoirs of her niece, Madame de Montpensier, whom she wished to marry to Charles II.

The Queen was intensely interested in public affairs from girlhood, and she had much of the aggressive character of her father. It is commonly held that she was a very bad influence on Charles, whom she could twist around her finger. The love that existed between them was beautiful. He habitually began his letters to her "Dear Heart." But curiously enough their marriage began in an estrangement which lasted three years. When in 1625 her brother Louis XIII of France consented to the marriage it was on condition that the penal laws against English Catholics should be abolished. The pledge was almost immediately broken and until the assassination of Buckingham in 1628 she was hardly on speaking terms with her husband. After that they became violently attached to each other. She was then only 17, but a

busy politician. On one point alone was Charles adamant; he would not become a Catholic. Loyalty to the Church of England was indeed the cause of his death; for when he sought refuge among the Scots after the fortunes of war had gone against him, he could have rallied them to his back but for his refusal to sign the League and Covenant. When they handed him over to the mercies of Cromwell it was on condition that his life be spared. Like most dictators Cromwell did not regard a pledge as sacred if expediency counselled otherwise. The outcome was that within a week after the tragedy at Whitehall, all Scotland was again pro-Stuart, and in the end brought about the Restoration.

Those who have read Dumas' *Twenty Years After* recall that Henrietta Maria figures in that tale as does Cardinal Mazarin who

tricked her with false promises. Strangely enough it was Mazarin who, through her, suggested that the pursued Charles make terms with the Scots. Both though Catholics were anxious that he sign the Covenant. All Protestant creeds looked alike to them. We get a new idea of the craft, secrecy and resolution of Charles II, a boy in his teens when his father was beheaded, who set about in his own way to regain his throne. The tragedy of her later years was the young man's refusal to be guided by her in any way. She returned to England after the Restoration, but finding herself ignored in her son's Court, spent her last years in retirement at Paris. Many of us are familiar with all that was done in England during the Protectorate, both meritorious or infamous. This book deals with the unfamiliar story of what measures were taken elsewhere to destroy it.

Mother of Kings

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

Trilites, Etc.

BY H. DYSON CARTER

TORCH OF CIVILIZATION, by Matthew Luckiesh. Thomas Allen. \$3.75.

THE very busy Dr. Luckiesh might have noted on the title page of this, his twenty-first book, "Dictated but not read." Where the eminent researcher is talking about what he understands, eighty pages on the science and art of lighting he thrills and astonishes. But the book is a history of man's attempts to brighten the night. So we have Sunday School archaeology and kings (B.C.) and religion and it is all very pretty as Dr. Luckiesh sees it under his bank of three 300-watt reading lamps. Holding one of the top jobs in the research world, the doctor of course has a rosy view of Man rising steadily upward from the slime of prehistory, to the ultimate goal of buying ten times more light bulbs than we do today.

"No mere opinion can alter the orderliness of Nature. No political party can repeal her laws. Nothing can repeal the facts revealed by science." This is Dr. Luckiesh's neo-religion in a nutshell. Never

mind the war...Clap, clap, here comes Science! The blitzkriegs (not at Schenectady yet) are mentioned, but just think, the world is only a speck in the vast universe! This is the sort of syrupy stuff some scientists write when they write down to our lowly level.

When the dying Goethe cried out "More light!" he voiced the ageless poignant appeal of humanity. But Luckiesh gets this gem sandwiched, ludicrously, between Sir Humphrey Davy and the world's available horsepower. The book is like that. Perhaps it makes thin reading because lighting is really less than a century old. In 1810 you could hire linkboys in London to light you home with torches. And that, as we are bitterly aware, is something you cannot do today. "Torch of Civilization" is escape literature all dressed up as popular science and rarin' to go boost your power bills.

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THE LONDON LETTER

A Bit of Tea, and an Onion

BY WAY of cheering us all up, that good and kind man Lord Woolton is dropping hints that he may let us have a bit more tea and sugar. Total war being the sort of war it is, we have got to the point where a little more tea and sugar is accepted with an almost delighted astonishment.

An onion, too, or a lemon—the reader might not think either of these the sort of thing to make a fuss over. But that, if the reader will forgive my saying so, is all the reader knows about it. In this country an onion has become a vegetable pearl, a culinary treasure, something to brag about to your friends, something to spread its flavor over a whole happy day. And this, fortunately, is something that a really good onion can nearly always do. Days, in fact.

It is the same with lemons. They have been so scarce of late that when you got hold of a lemon, you carefully hid it from the rest of the family, and went off and squeezed it all by yourself in secret. Then, if you were very, very lucky, you added a certain amount of gin and sugar to it. But only real sybarites ever got as far as this.

Now, it seems, everything is going to be all right—oh, well, as right as anyone can reasonably expect. A cargo of nine million onions and three million lemons has just arrived from Spain, and more cargos are said to be on the way.

What! No Corsets?

While the Minister of Food is thus on the way to becoming the most popular man in Great Britain—next to the King and Mr. Churchill, of course—there is one other Minister who seems likely to set a record in

BY P. O'D.

quite the opposite direction. This is the new President of the Board of Trade, Capt. Oliver Lyttelton. Not long ago his Department banned the sale of silk stockings. Now orders have gone forth that the supply of corsets is to be cut in half. Corsets, my dears! If that doesn't bring the horrors of war home to you, nothing will.

It is true that modern woman no longer encases herself in the whalebone armor beloved by her Victorian predecessors—or, if not beloved, at least regarded as essential to good form and even good morals. No longer are husbands called upon to tug at the complicated system of laces that held the back of the things together. The modern corset is a much lighter, simpler, and more flexible affair—or so I gather as the result of certain discreet enquiries I have been making. There is even talk of an arrangement called a "corset belt" which would probably have caused a Victorian mamma to think and expect the worst, if she had caught her daughter wearing one of them.

But there is such a thing as the "irreducible minimum," and, so far as the modern woman is concerned, the modern corset apparently is it. They may have accustomed themselves to less corset, but they refuse to accustom themselves to no corset. War or no war, contours must be maintained.

Already meetings of protest are being held. The ladies are being very shrewd about it. They are stressing the importance of the corset, not as an aid to mere beautification and allure just now we are above all that, of course—but as an essential for comfort and even health. They

have called in certain eminent doctors to tell them and the world all about it. Besides, they have reminded the Government that, by authorizing the issue of what are pleasantly called "foundation garments" to the Women's Services, the Government has virtually admitted the necessity of something of the sort. So that is what makes those natty little uniforms fit so very smoothly!

Well, I hope the dear girls get their regular supply of their regular brand. Corsets may or may not be a physical necessity, but they certainly are a psychological one. Fortified with the knowledge that the curves are all in the right place, that the eyes and the lips have been properly made up, and the silk (or near silk) stockings are sheer and taut, modern woman can face the terrors of totalitarian war with a smile. Without such assurance—but the thing just doesn't bear thinking of. Something will obviously have to be done about it.

Entertaining the Troops

Talking of psychological necessities in wartime, entertainment would certainly seem to be one of them. In this connection, I was reading the other day a summary of the activities of "ENSA"—more formally, the Entertainment National Service Association. It was set up at the very beginning of the war for the purpose of providing entertainment for men in the fighting services and it has made a really wonderful success of its job.

ENSA now runs no fewer than 23 large garrison theatres and camp halls many of them seating well over 1,200 men where shows are put on every night of the week. Good shows, too, with first-class programs and artists, as listeners over the air have every reason to know. Empire listeners, too, perhaps.

In addition, it gives regular entertainments at 85 R.A.F. stations, as well as catering less regularly to some 50 air-stations more. Even more wonderful as a piece of entertainment organization is the work of the mobile groups, which go about to all the different commands. Twenty-five parties are constantly on the road, fully equipped to put on plays and variety shows and to give concerts. Besides this, there are some 60 mobile cinema units.

As if all this were not enough, and it still doesn't meet the need there are smaller teams of entertainers, usually four in each, who travel about by car with their piano. Dozens of such teams are working all the time. But even they cannot reach all the tiny isolated groups of service men, manning searchlights and anti-aircraft guns in remote places. For them ENSA provides still smaller acts, usually a couple of entertainers who go about in motor-bikes and sidecars. And where even that is not practicable they send a single performer—preferably an accordionist, for that seems to be the most popular instrument with the troops.

Evidently ENSA has taken for its motto, "They shall have music wherever they go." And wherever they go, ENSA goes with them. As a piece of organization in the great business of keeping the troops cheerful, this is a record that would be hard to beat.

Eric Gill

ERIC GILL, who died last week near London, was a very remarkable man both as an artist and as a personality. A tall, heavily bearded man, he nearly always wore a sort of monk's robe and a biretta. As a young man he was a Socialist and agnostic, but he became a Roman Catholic, and he threw himself into his new beliefs with characteristic enthusiasm. He would probably have become a monk, he did, in fact, become a Tertiary of the Order of St. Dominic but the possession of a



Secretary of the U.S. Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., signs an agreement under which the U.S. devotes \$50,000,000 to stabilize the dollar and the Argentine peso. Left, Argentine Ambassador Don Felipe A. Espil.

wife and four children made monastic life rather difficult.

Gill was a sincere and accomplished artist, who did brilliant work not only as a sculptor, but also as a wood-engraver and a designer of type-faces. This may seem a somewhat incongruous collection of artistic pursuits, but in reality they were all connected.

His best work in sculpture was done in low-relief. He preferred flat surfaces, though he produced also such notable figures as the Prospero and Ariel above the entrance to Broadcasting House. Incidentally, those figures were described in Parliament as "objectionable to public morals and indecent." It would have been interesting and even exciting to hear what Gill had to say about it, for he talked and wrote as furiously as he did everything else.

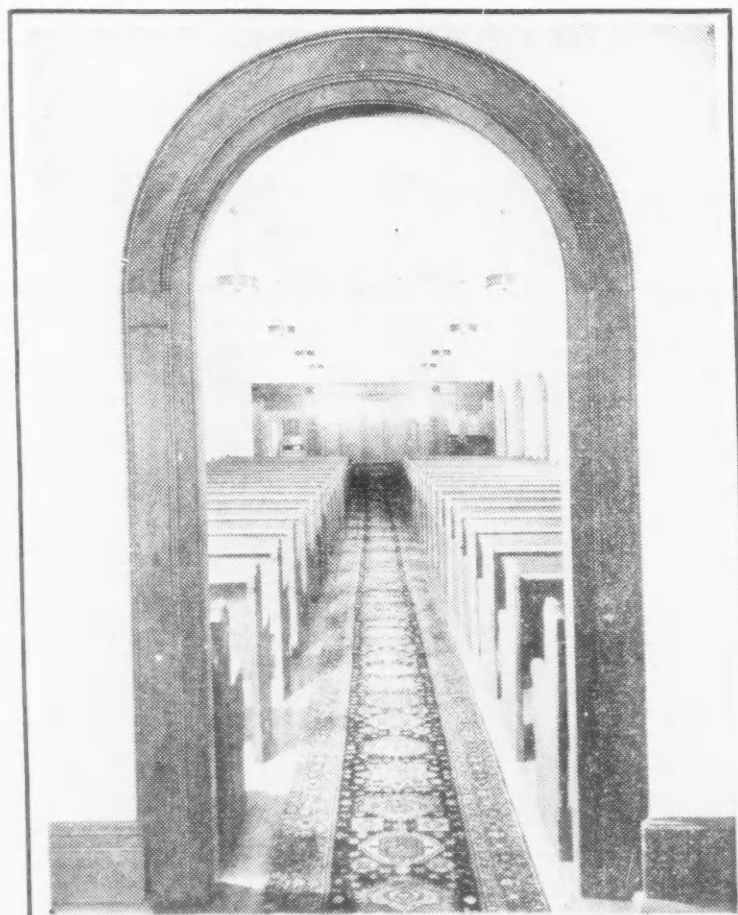
One of Gill's peculiarities as a sculptor was that he insisted on working directly on the stone. He claimed that by modelling in clay for

translation—usually by someone else—into stone or bronze, sculptors lost a great deal in quality. And it was as a "stone-worker" that he described himself in the epitaph he wrote for himself some years ago, when he designed his own tombstone—"Remember me, E. G., the stone-worker, 193—, Woe is me." Poor man, he was only a year out.

He will be remembered for a great deal of beautiful work—chiefly perhaps, not for his sculpture or his engravings, but for the admirable type he designed. He was one of the great letterers. His Gill Sans type, and his Perpetua and Bunyan, are known and admired wherever in the world there are lovers of beautiful printing. It was he also who did the lettering on the George VI stamps. Such lettering and type-designing as his is one of the greatest services than an artist could render to his generation, and the generations that follow. We are all in his debt—even those of us who run as we read.



Gerard Cote, of St. Hyacinthe, Que., was last week voted Canada's outstanding athlete of 1940. Cote won two marathons, the Boston Marathon and the United States Athletic Union championship at Yonkers, N.Y. Here he is crowned as he finished the Boston race in record-breaking time.



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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Groping in the Fog

BY P. W. LUCE

WHEN 50,000 persons are late for work in one day, school classes show a decided drop, streetcar schedules are disrupted, automobiles bump into each other as a matter of course, pedestrians collide with lamp posts, and the incidence of influenza shows a sharp upward curve, it's foggy in Vancouver.

London may have bigger and thicker fogs than this Pacific Coast city, but any resident will give you a strong argument against that possibility. Invisibility is invisibility, whether in England or in British Columbia. The statement that you can't see your hand before your face is sometimes literally true, and if you can see ten feet ahead that isn't a fog. It's a thick mist.

Opaque fogs have been a feature of Vancouver winters ever since the white man came, but nothing much has been done to nullify their devastating effect. Street lights are left on in the daytime, but the lighting system is nothing much to be proud of even under normal conditions. Signposts are few, and for the most part illegible. There are only 71½ miles of yellow lines in the middle of the roads to serve as guides to motorists, and two-thirds of these are worn so thin they can't be seen under foggy conditions.

By next winter, it is hoped, something will have been done to cope with the traffic troubles. An experiment is to be made in marking some of the streets with luminous paint that will glow clearly enough to be visible from the steering wheel. At present, motorists are forced to drive with their heads sticking out of the window so as to watch the curb, parked cars, and street crossings.

The cost of luminous painting has not yet been ascertained, but this is a good deal more expensive than

the method now in use. It has been tried in California, which has 7500 miles of roadway lined with yellow guides, these being laid on by tractor-powered trucks that paint 15 to 18 miles in one night, when the traffic is at its lightest. The cost is up to \$25 a mile, about half what Vancouver spends to spread one mile of paint with a contraption that looks something like a lawnmower running in reverse.

A mechanically-operated yellow-liner would cost several thousand dollars, but it would probably pay for itself in a few years, as it could do ten times the work of the present outfit. The damage to private automobiles and commercial trucks during the foggy season, which starts late in November and lasts intermittently until the end of February, runs up to \$25,000 or more each year.

Shortage of Sawdust

Pessimists who have been predicting for years that it was a risky business to instal sawdust burners because of the chances of a shortage of fuel can now say "I told you so," if they happen to live in Victoria.

The closure of a number of lumber mills has so reduced the available supply that dealers refuse to take orders for future delivery. Other mills, still running, are cutting hemlock instead of fir, producing a sawdust which is useless in burners.

The situation is so serious that many residents have had the sawdust burners removed from their furnaces and have gone back to coal and wood.

More than one half of the houses in the coast cities now have sawdust burners installed, and as a general thing these have proved highly satisfactory. They cost around \$35, cut the fuel bill about one-third, require hardly any attention, and make so little ash that the pit needs cleaning only about once a fortnight, instead of two or three times a week with coal.

Their drawback is that sawdust is bulky. A truckload of fifty sacks lasts barely a couple of months, and requires a bin of 200 cubic feet capacity for storage. There is always the possibility that deliveries may not be made as promptly as desired when mills are shut down for repairs, or in slack times, and there have been many complaints as to quality. Cedar burns too fast, and so does very dry fir. Hemlock is worthless, but some firms are not above mixing this with the better fuel, this being especially true of the smaller peddlers who seldom "work" the same district more than once a winter.

Relic of Past is Gone

Mary Capilano has gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds. This most picturesque Indian in Western Canada was believed to be well over a hundred years old when she fell asleep for the last time at her home on the Capilano Indian reserve, across Burrard Inlet from Vancouver.

A princess in her own right, she was the widow of Chief Joe Capilano, a mighty Indian who in 1906 headed a delegation of chiefs to England and was received in audience by King Edward VII. The Indians sought better terms for the red men of British Columbia; they did not get them.

Mary Capilano was a link with the very earliest history of British Columbia. In her girlhood she was familiar with the Indians who welcomed Captain George Vancouver to this coast, when that hardy navigator sailed his ships into the harbor that now bears his name. She saw the first Catholic priests come to the district to minister to her people, and was one of their first converts. With her own hands she

helped to build the first Christian church on the North Shore, though in later years she confessed her doubts of the white man's religions.

"Why many church when only one Sagalee Tyee (God)?" she wanted to know.

Nobody ever succeeded in making this theological distinction clear to the grand old lady.

Shortly before she died, however, she returned voluntarily to the Catholic faith, and was buried beside her husband in a mausoleum which is one of the sights of the district.

Up to quite recently Mary Capilano paddled the three miles of water that cuts off the Indian reserve from the city of Vancouver, using a dug-out canoe fashioned by her son, Chief Mathias Joe. She had many friends among the old-timers who lived in what she called "skookum shacks," and to whom she sold berries, fish, and woven baskets. Her English was sketchy and picturesque, but in her own language she was one of the most impressive orators her tribe has ever known.

A friendly, cheerful, kindly old soul, she had known for fifty years that she belonged to an age that has passed. Klahowya!

A Pretty Costly Fog

Between noon and midnight one day 90 cars were reported to the police as involved in collisions, and at least as many more suffered minor mishaps. No report is required unless the damage is at least \$25. A four-day fog was responsible for reported damage totalling over \$10,000.

In 1940 the city spent only \$3000 in marking the streets, and even that was a fifty per cent increase of the original estimates.

Because motorists find it almost impossible to know where they are in a heavy fog, they follow street car tracks whenever possible, with the result that tram traffic is all gummed up by stalled cars that have been involved in collisions. A very large number of men leave their cars in the garage, but as Vancouver has sharply defined fog belts one district may be bright and clear while another is smothered under a grey blanket.

Once on the road a man has to keep going, or park his car at the curb, decidedly a hazardous undertaking.

Some drivers can find their way by instinct. Others let the car ahead be their pilot, and occasionally are led sadly astray. One man, guided by a big truck, found himself in a refrigerator warehouse. Another got in the queue for the North Vancouver ferry, couldn't back out, and had to make the trip across the Inlet. A third circled around until he found himself back where he started from. One persistent driver, who had chosen a street car for his guide, wound up straddling the grease pits at the tram terminus.

Though fog plays havoc with traffic ashore, all the ferry services and coastal steamers operate within a few minutes of schedule. Their fog horns constantly shriek warning through the murky atmosphere, but the helmsman somehow finds his way partly through his knowledge of distances and currents, but largely because the shore echoes give him a very good idea of where he is at any given moment. A serious accident on Burrard Inlet, because of fog, is a rarity.

Another Home Industry

Textbooks for British Columbia's public schools are now being printed in this province. For more than twenty years there have been recurrent complaints against the large amounts sent east to buy books and



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supplies, and at long last the Department of Education has taken action in the matter. Out of between \$300,000 and \$400,000 worth of school books used annually, \$76,000 are now being produced in Vancouver and Victoria.

In volume this means 135,000 copies of 29 separate titles. There will be a progressive increase in the output as time goes on. Contracts for the work were let by the eastern publishers who hold the copyrights, and who had always contended that the province did not have the technical equipment to turn out a first-class job. They have been agreeably surprised to discover that the books compare favorably in cost and appearance with anything of the kind manufactured in the east.

British Columbia is more generous than any other province in supplying free text books to boys and girls, thought not yet as generous as many

parents would like. Students in the elementary grades receive free all the books they need to study reading, writing, and arithmetic. These include a language book (composition) and two required spelling books, and such books on mathematics as they need.

Rural schools are supplied free with wall maps, charts, and other material of this nature, a few supplementary readers, and manuals for teachers who need a little more guidance than their fellows in the city schools.

Books on mathematics and spelling are supplied free to high schools.

The government also sees to it that all parts of the province obtain text-books at the same price.

The "school book racket," which was a highly lucrative business for publishers and booksellers a few years ago, has been practically legislated out of existence.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Dolls Have Their Uses

BY BERNICE COFFEY

ADULTS may be sentimental over the dolls they played with in childhood, but we are beginning to have grave doubts if children are hardened by such tender considerations.

We had a rude jolt the other day as we watched a curly-topped, blue-eyed, angelic looking charmer of four playing with her dolls.

Those which received the most attention were dressed and undressed carefully several times before being laid in a row in the doll carriage. Then they were hushed to sleep with a sweetly tuneless little lullaby.

All shared in this loving care except one forlorn creature whose hard dented body had been stripped to the nude and flung on the floor.

"Haven't you forgotten her?" we asked, nodding in the direction of the neglected one.

"Oh, her!" said the youngster with scorn as she turned on her plump little legs and wheeled the other dolls away. "I only use her to bash kids over the head with."

Survivors

Do dolls become something more than just inanimate toys when they have been the well-loved companions of little girls through their childhood? We think they do, especially after seeing some of those who have survived the battering of the years and generations. Many of these came out of obscurity to appear at the doll show held by the Robert Simpson Company in Toronto. There were classes for the best-dressed doll, dolls in native costume, the most original—but those who stole the show were the dolls that had weathered the years—battered of body, scarred, tattered, some with cracked complexions and missing hair—but all with that well-loved look.

The earliest of these are made of bone, others had been whittled out of wood and crudely articulated. Those of later vintage have waxen heads with kid or fabric bodies. Still later the heads were made of shiny china. Then came the composition doll. The latest of all is the "magic-skin" doll. Prize-winner in this "oldest doll" class was Christabel who, although not the oldest (1849-1941) was undoubtedly the most ingratiating. Christabel hails from France and, as befits a young lady of fashion, came to this country accompanied by a trousseau—which remains intact together with the battered leather trunk in which she and it arrived.

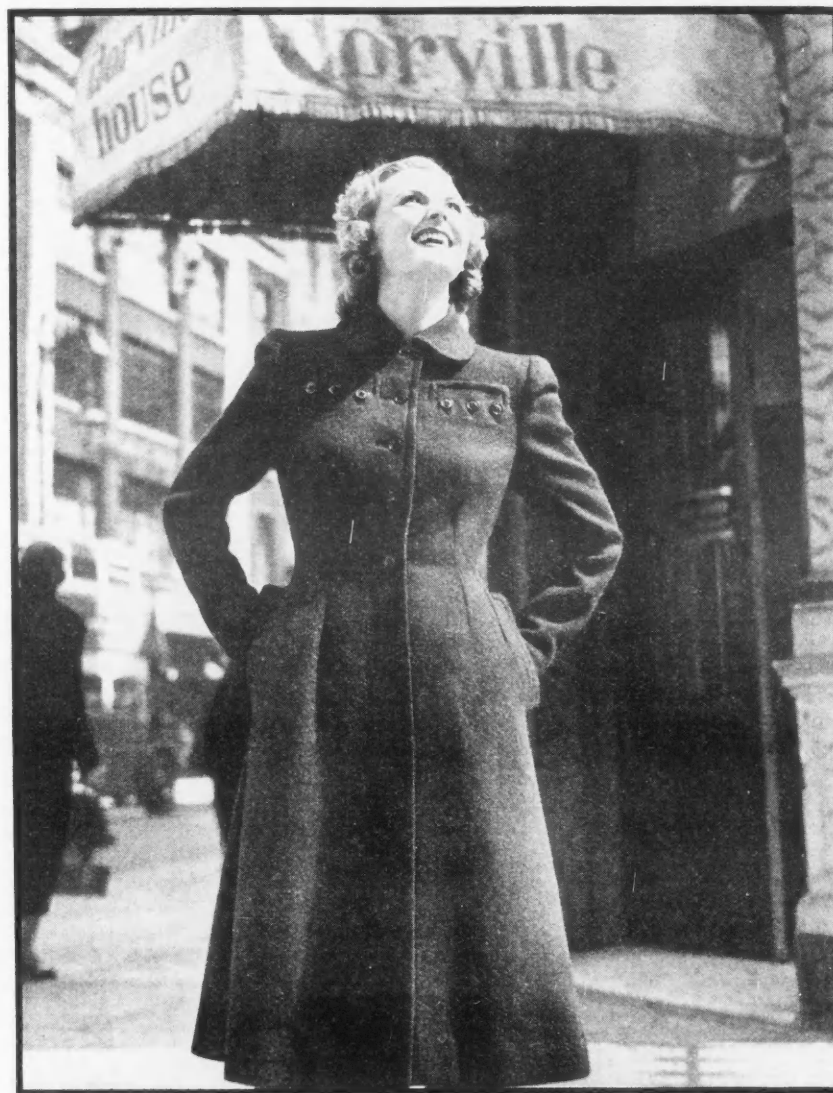
Her waxen complexion has faded gently with the years, but her light brown long curls fall as becomingly as ever beneath her pretty poke bonnet, and her bright brown eyes have an unquenchable spark of youth. Her polonaise dress is of plaid taffeta in tones of brown, and her trousseau includes a watch and chain, a string of pearls which have not lost their lustre, and a knitted rug. And on what was perhaps her first public appearance she was accompanied by a poem:

"My Christabel! My Christabel!
She's really feeling far from well,
Her eyes are very, very dim,
Her limbs are scandalously slim,
So all we'll soon have left of her
Is just her clothes and character."

"Be gentle with her; she is very tired and feeble," admonished her owner.

A doll with a large bland face of china has the distinction of having been rescued from the Chicago fire (Mrs. O'Leary's cow and all that, you know). Still dressed in the calico dress which is a facsimile of her small owner's frock in 1879, she remains as bland as ever and apparently as unperturbed by her long and turbulent life. She was to have appeared in the movie "Old Chicago," when it was made recently in Hollywood, only she missed the train. Missing her chance to become a screen star seems to have affected her not in the least.

Another member of this interesting family of dolls came into being as a result of what must have been the deep need of a child far from civilization at a Hudson Bay post far in the north. It is carved from a walrus tusk, has hinged limbs and although the ears are much out of scale, her lips are painted red and her eyes blue, and she wears a long calico dress. Her hair is made of the combings of moulting sled dogs' hair. Although she is far from being a beauty, she has had her share of lavish affection.



The inimitable way of the English with outdoor clothes is evident in every line of this navy frieze coat. High buttoned pockets are built to form a yoke line, while others are placed far back at the side seams.



Shirred beaver—one of the season's best-liked furs, edges this saucy hat, with brown velvet trim, and fashions the broad-shouldered red jacket that's hip-length, collarless and features lapels. With the outfit is worn, to great advantage, a wool dress of very pale blue.

Among the "Most Original" dolls were two which were wonderfully and fearfully complicated. One of these had seventy-five years behind her. Her long full frock of green silk is in tatters and the golden glory of her yellow hair is dimmed, but she still clasps a miniature baby doll in her arms. She stands before a bamboo chair and her skirts conceal a plush-covered music box. When the key is turned the box begins to play "Toreador" and she rocks the baby in her arms with furious energy.

"Toreador" may seem a strange lullaby but who are we to question the musical tastes of seventy-five years ago? Another doll dressed in rose silk and lace turns her head from side to side and waves a coquettish fan at a mad rate to a tune that might be the modern song, "In An Old Dutch Garden."

Entertaining as these were they had to give way as "the most original" to Humpty-Dumpty who has spent twenty years in an up-ended pint gem jar. He's a lad who might

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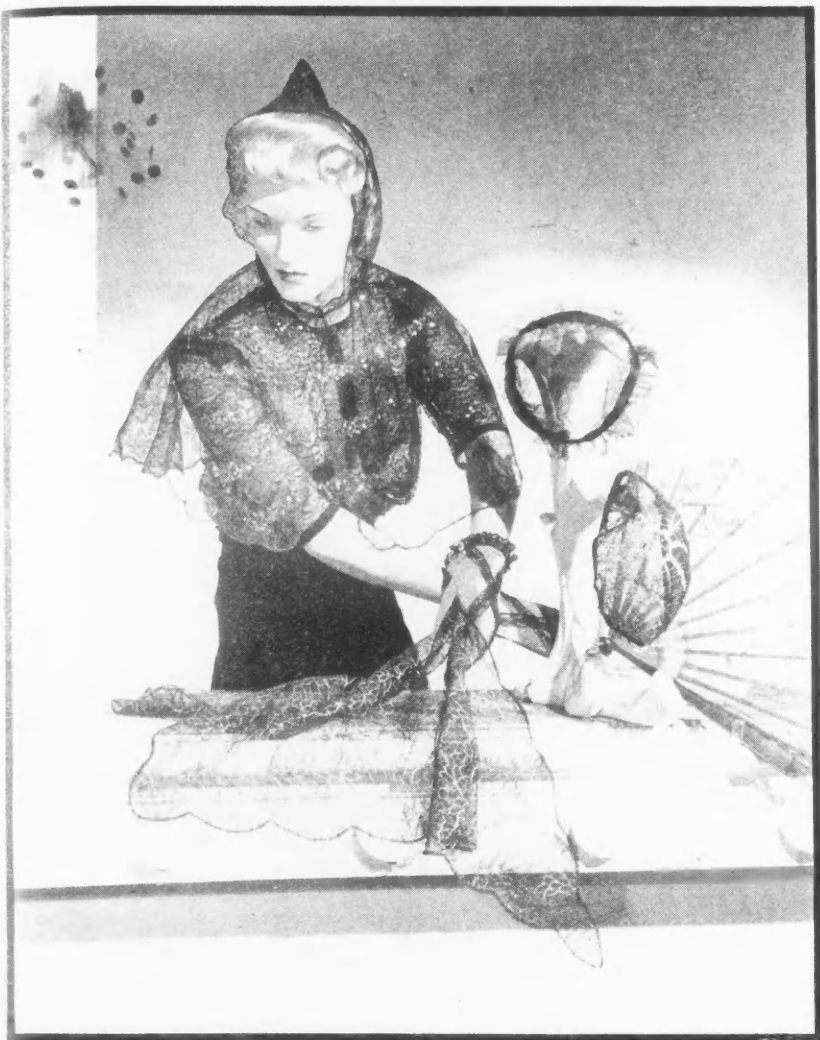
SATURDAY NIGHT

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Smooth make a v turned-u cr

Two-fac its versa for wea



Lace is among the most glamorous of the season's accessories. The mannequin in the illustration wears a lace hood with attached cape, and a lumber jack blouse of lace trimmed with gold sequins. The hands are decked in lace banded and ruffled pink gloves. Other bits of lace are two capes, one with calot and triangular shawl to match. The other is a "dust cap" with ruffle framing the face. Fan is of brown Chantilly mounted on amber composition ribs.

sunday they went to church then they came home

"Mother made the beds then she went down stairs she put the radio on But it would not work.

"So she put it off then she went and sat down and read the PAPER she saw that there was a NAME John in the PAPER that had lost his Mother but that was not her Boy Because he was sitting in the living-room it was getting lunch time so they had there lunch they had SAND-wiches and milk to eat then they had a rest. BUT JOHN DID NOT HAVE A rest. he went out to play He said to everybody that his father was home. evryBody was SURPRISE. They could not BELIEVE him THEY said oh that is not True your father is not home But John said you come in and see if he is. I bet that he is.

"Maybe he is said Jack We can not tell you no best wether he is or he is not Well Dont Stand there staring lets go But I no hes there. See there he is your right well come on lets have some fun lets play tag not it not it your is Donld oh gee your it John I am not I said it first Donld you are it heck I don't want to be it "why CAN'T YOU BE it Jack Because I said it second well I will Be it said Donld ok run here he comes oh Jacks it now You only tucht me on The sweather that COUNTS all right lookout here he comes wow he almost toched me Oh I have to go in for supper good-by MoM what are we haveing fish and carrots said Mother

"Oh I love fish But Mother why can't I go out after supper said John Because it gets to dark at night and you have got to do your homework Oh I wish I didn't go to school then I would not have any homework well hurry up and have your supper and get to bed in the morning DaDDy said that he was going hunting and you can go if you are Good ree I will be Good well hurry and get to bed and the morning will come faster I am hurrying Get in the bathroom and get washed and then get in bed and put your light out yes I will Mother Then Mother went down stairs and got some music that was pretty. Soon it came time for them to go to bed too but by that time John was asleep So they had to be quite so they got into bed soon it came morning they got up it was snowing SO they could not go hunting They had a holiday that day from school But they had fun at HOME too they went SLEIGHEDING Too They had fun all day.

"When night came they were all tired and wanted to go to bed but they could not Because company came. But John was in bed even wether company was there or not."

CITY SLEEP

HOW could we know each other With snowy drag of pavement, Shrouded by dark folds of houses? How could we reach out under winter shadows,

Or feel the rubbering glide of other flesh, Bolted and chained to floors, counters and tinned goods?

There was only a pale drifting, Our singing of mountain and forest Given dully to grocery and street-car.

Yet, water will run; Green rivers of field will flow city ward,

Fearing a season's tide of heart-beat, Dizzily blooming,

Spring will burst through street crevices

And we shall glow in species service, Whirled from clothes, buildings and dust

To sudden waking.

ALAN CREIGHTON.



Smooth felt and shining feathers make a winning spring hat. Narrow turned-up brim and "custard-cup" crown are new details.

Short Story

The following short story comes from the pencil of Lois Hand, six years of age. We print it here because Lois, unlike many present day authors, does not think it necessary to slow up the action with psychological examination of her characters' motives; nor does she permit the element of time to interfere with her narrative:

"Once there was a little boy, his name was John. his father went to war he felt SORRY he thought he would NOT come back then he would not have a dad One day he went out in the field he saw a man that looked like his dad. He thought it was He said Hello, but the man did not answer So John went on. He met his mother He said Mother I saw a man I said Hello but he did not answer, his Mother said maybe he did not hear you. But he looked at me. He must have heard me Oh well never mind forget about it. come along We must get home. John said I wish dad was here then I would not feel sad But we can not help it if they want him we have to win the war come along I will get dinner ready. You read your Book while I get the dinner gee Mom, this Book says that there is a Boy named John too what if they meant me. John dinner ready said Mother gee Im hungry too

"Well your dinner Ready if you want it.

"I sure DO.

"in a few years his dad came HOME

"He was so clad that he almost forgot to kiss his Mother

"But his Mother reminded him AS SOON as he saw his dad He kissed him and hugged him next day was



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THE DRESSING TABLE

The Sartorial Side of Ski-ing

BY HILDA TURNER

SKIING sartorially, has always been a simple sport for men. But for women it has opened up a whole new world of fashion. Most of them dress appropriately but occasionally chichi trends develop with fussy caps, mitts, woolly loose fitting suits to trap the uninitiated.

For them, especially, are the following ski tips gathered from some of Canada's best known skiers when they took part in the annual inter-city ski races held each winter at the Seignior Club in the Province of Quebec. This year's inter-city meet including slalom and downhill racing will be January 25, 26, 1941.

Dorothy Michaels, Montreal, the Canadian Champion, who also won the 1940 women's inter-city ski meet at the Seignior Club, likes a one color costume of wind-proof gabardine or whipcord, instructor type trousers, and centre pleat stitched for greater neatness and an extra windbreaker in white grenfell cloth for warmer weather. She likes bright accessories with the one color costume—red or light blue if costume is navy; red or navy with grey or air force blue. Like most girl skiers, Miss Michaels seldom wears anything on her head except in very cold weather when she prefers a cap with a visor or a kerchief—so long as ears touch the head there's no danger of freezing. Her boots are hand made of soft English leather, low cut with a very heavy sole and a special groove in the heel for cable binding. Boots should be loosely laced for touring but must be firm and tight for downhill racing. Her advice to

beginners choosing skis is to pick out a suitably short pair as long ones are twice as hard to handle. Her poles are very light narrow bamboo cane that reach to the armpit for touring and the same type, but two inches shorter, for competitive skiing.

Gertrude Wepsala, Vancouver, B.C., the former Canadian Champion

and white wool. She considers that *rara avis*, the ski skirt, good for the exceptionally proficient skier who is also blest with an exceptionally good figure but says it's not practical for the average runner. If snow falls when Miss Paré is racing she dons eye-togs, an ingenious protector in clear transparent composition which does not cloud and which was designed by a clever McGill University student, Gray Miller of Montreal.



The type of dinner dress that belongs in every woman's wardrobe. Fashioned of smooth black crepe in long slim lines, the bodice has a diaphanous overblouse of fine black marquisette. Shoulders are flatteringly padded, the short sleeves ending in cuffs of the same sheer black.

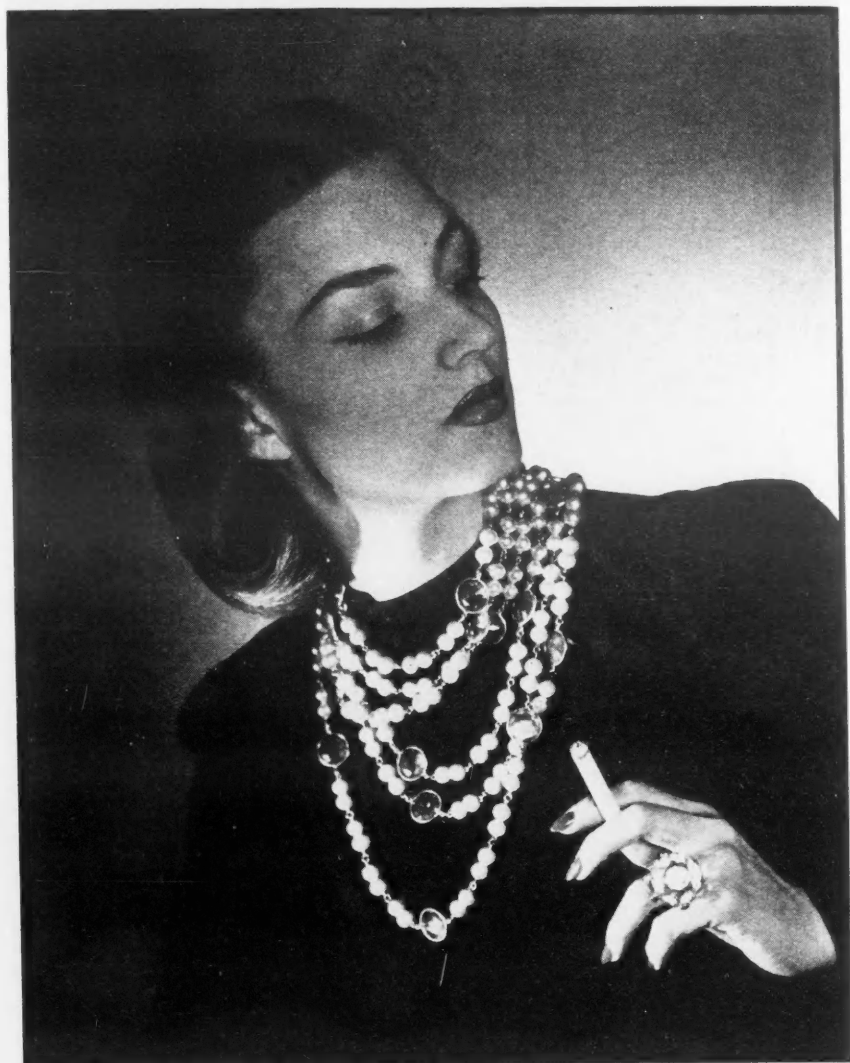
she won the title for two consecutive years, the second in 1939 at the women's Dominion ski meet at the Seignior Club) spends most of her summers at Jasper and the Columbia Ice Fields ski training for the winter. Miss Wepsala is calm, petite and as graceful on her skis as Sonja Heine, whom she strongly resembles, on ice skates. She prefers conservative ski clothes; likes best for racing meticulously creased springerhosen, also called "Vorlage," instructor or jumping trousers' narrow straight trousers held down into the boots by bands of elastic under the instep of wind and water resistant fabric. Blatant, bright shades betray the amateur, so plain quiet colors are preferred by this crack young skier who bettered the time of seventy-five per cent of the men competitors in the Nosecum Kandahar race in Vancouver 1939. At the moment she favors grey for her ski suit springerhosen and easy, well tailored jacket using a bright scarf or cap for color accent. She sometimes arranges a brightly colored square kerchief into a series of intricate folds to form an attractive tie-on cap.

Patricia Paré, Montreal, is a former Province of Quebec downhill amateur champion, now ski instructing in the Laurentians. She wears a classic black and white ski suit designed by herself. Thinks plus-fours are more comfortable for ordinary cross country skiing but likes springerhosen for racing, with them either the matching jacket of her suit or a Norwegian sweater of black

Miss Paré exercises regularly, playing golf in summer, badminton in the autumn and skis all through the winter.

Some Serious Training

Mrs. Peter Austin, formerly Peggy Johannsen, Montreal, another former Provincial ski champion in Quebec, is the youngest of a distinguished skiing family. Her father, H. Smith Johannsen, is a veteran whose performances on the ski trails are the envy of many a junior. She says that sleep is more important than all else during the competitive season for serious training nine hours of sleep each night for at least two weeks is necessary before a big race and alcoholic beverages and smoking should be cut out completely. She has a light breakfast before an important race, fruit, sometimes cereal, toast and milk, never coffee, bacon or anything greasy. She has a lump of sugar before a race. Mrs. Austin has two knapsacks, for week-ends a large one containing extra sweaters, extra socks and mitts, (three types of mitts, knitted under pair, outer windproof and a special leather pair for use on the rope ski tows,) change of underwear, etc. On ski tours she carries a small "bum bag" with sweater, ski tow mitts, first aid supplies, hunting knife, wax and lacquer with rags and steel wool, paraffin, spare leather straps. Her ski poles are light weight, tonkin cane with soft leather top and wide strap, their length, half way between waist



Costume jewellery by the yard... a rope of pearls and glittering stones on a golden chain. It's fully two yards long and made for winding round and round the throat over a simple black dress. The stone in the ring, faceted to give depth and glitter, is set with heavy prongs.

and armpit for slalom and downhill and arm pit length for touring.

All skiers recommend long sleeved and long legged light woollen underwear to be worn under ski suits. Some in extremely cold weather wear three sets. During the warm sunny days of spring, they wear the thinnest of silk underwear. The subject of cosmetics brings the following remarks from the experts: wear lots of lipstick which keeps the lips from chapping; powder of dark color because the skin darkens with wind and sun; a little rouge, no mascara—it might run when the eyes water in the wind and, by all means a protective cream, a sun oil used by even such uncouthly minded persons as mountain climbers, is the thing.

The first rule to remember when buying ski clothes is that clothing should always be tightly woven, lightweight and as waterproof as possible. Many ski suits come with jackets and slacks of matching gabardine, but it is wise, too, to have a separate parka or windbreaker of windproof, water-resistant cotton. Worn over light weight sweaters or

a flannel shirt a windbreaker is comfortable in even the coldest weather, it's light to carry and may be worn over a cotton shirt when spring sun shine makes the heavier type of jacket cumbersome.

UNMARRIED

THEY should have met hereafter. Pressed mouth on mouth, clasped hands.

Locked hearts in mingled laughter. And walked barefooted on the sands. That suck pale footprints out of sight...

He must have found this one he heard. In dreams and sought by night. All down the tangled lanes of sleep. She would have hearkened as a bird. Its mate in Spring, until he came. Across the years, his wide eyes deep. To drown her soul.

BUT yesterday a Prussian bomb took toll. She does not see that she must wait. Eternally, nor shall she ever know his name. Who was her mate...

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THE FILM PARADE

Holy Russia Over a Barrel

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

ful to her advance publicity Hedy bites, scratches and spits at Clark Gable, and wears in one scene an old-fashioned nightie made apparently of buckram. Hedy's backers evidently set out to prove that she could be beautiful under any circumstances, and I think they make their point.

"Comrade X" takes some hearty

thwacks at such stand-bys as the Soviet's odd marriage and divorce customs, its sudden liquidations and its capricious hotel service. What is new, at least in my movie experience, is the armored tank chase finale. The tanks, blundering and

snouting across country like distracted saurians are funny, certainly. The whole sequence has a quality of nightmare imbecility that makes a Keystone Cop Chase seem rational and realistic.

DARRYL ZANUCK has been burrowing once more among the song archives of America and has

brought up "K-K-K-Katy," "Moonlight Bay," and "Good-bye, Broadway, Hello France." Just so we won't lose ourselves too far in the past however he has given us Betty Grable and Alice Faye in cellophane grass skirts. "Tin Pan Alley" is largely an old-fashioned song-recital, with plot fixings. If you have pleasant memories of the songs and don't care much about plots anyway it's worth hearing.

Note to Mr. Zanuck: Nobody talked about inferiority complexes back in 1912. It's a small item but when people go to such pains to give us the buttoned boots and dolman evening wraps of the period in exact detail they might as well check up on the dialogue.

THERE hasn't been much free speech or free laughter since Hitler and Stalin signed their famous pact, but the collaboration has had at least one liberating effect. It has allowed Hollywood to go as far as it likes with its criticism and derision of the people who once supplied it with a foreign market. A little over a year ago the screen industry couldn't say boo to a goose; now it is laughing its head off over all sorts of sacred cows. It can put Holy Russia over a barrel any time it feels like it, and does it, gleefully.

It is true that all this comes a little belatedly. Five years ago Russia was probably a good deal funnier than she is today and Germany a good deal more ominous, if not more threatening. However better late than never. At least the new freedom from censorship leaves Hollywood's authors a good deal more elbow-room for their talents. It's curious to observe how it all works out. We can understand Germany to a certain extent on this continent. Her energy, her practical opportunism and her mechanical genius have their counterpart here, and must be taken seriously. Her awful mysticism escapes us to be sure but at the present stage it is far too hovering a menace to provide much material for comedy. The result is that nearly all anti-Nazi films are filled with tragedy, threat and violence. (See "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," "I Married a Nazi" and "Mortal Storm.")

The Soviet however is quite a different affair. Russia is almost completely incomprehensible to most of us. Nobody knows what she is up to at any moment except the experts and the experts are usually wrong. Her energy is large and inchoate. With all her passion for mechanics and hydraulics she has no aptitude for machinery and has to import American and German experts to get her vast playthings working. There is the Russian Soul too. The dark intricacies of the Russian soul

CITY UNDER RAIN

THERE is something about a city under rain
That is sheer magic.
The lights blur up
Like sunflowers under glass,
Rise and recede
And swim in the misty gloom.

Shop doorways are an adventure;
Blue doorways turn mauve
And red doorways turn black,
And yawn.

Book shops are enchanting;
Every book is a tome on sorcery,
Fables are a definite possibility
And Poe's raven nothing to shake a stick at.

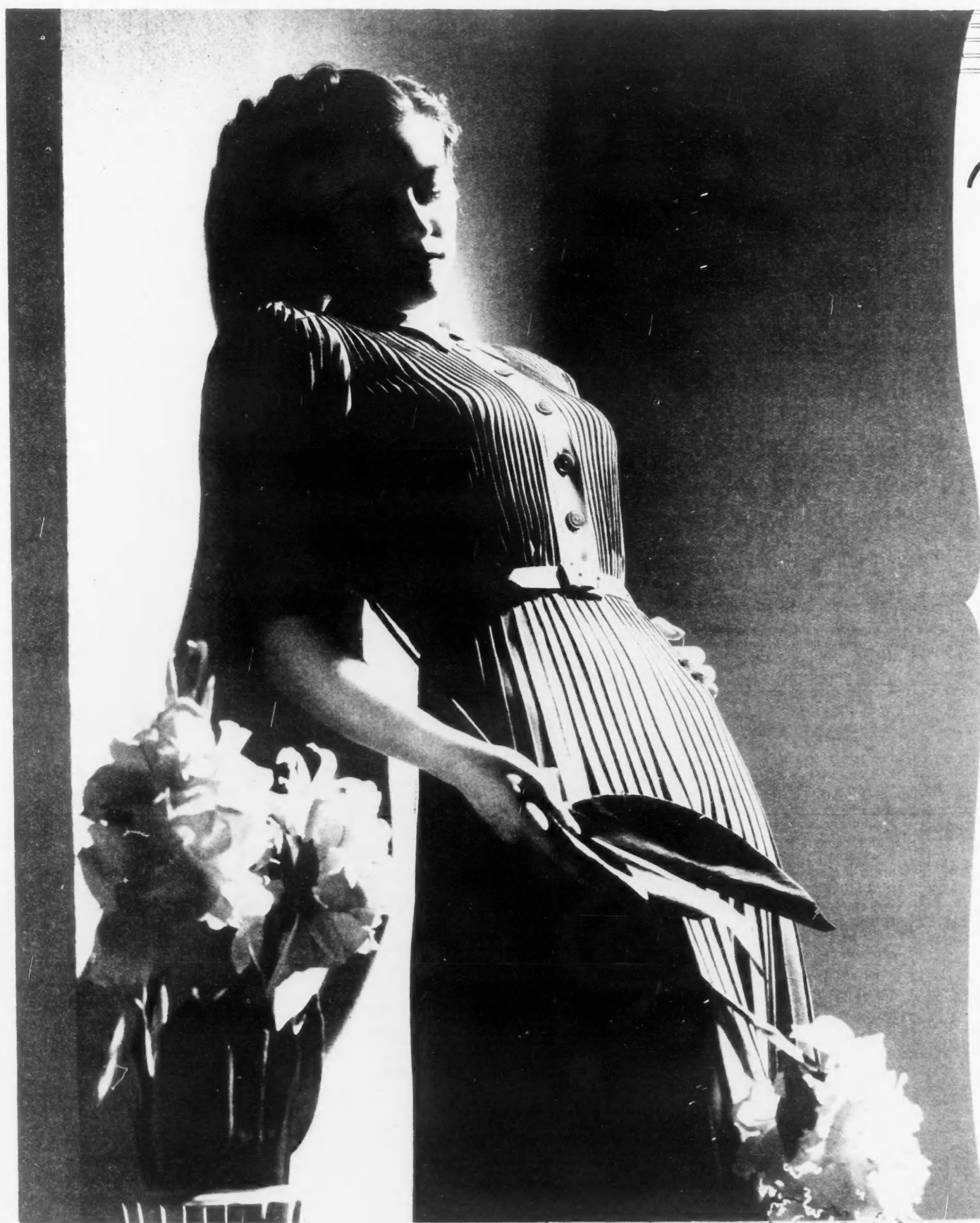
It is on a night like this
That you will miss your Love!

MONA GOULD.

As incomprehensible to the average brisk American as the inside of an American tractor is to a Russian peasant. It isn't hard therefore to make Russia funny for American audiences. Her ideas and institutions are so wildly at variance with our own that she is funny to start with. (See "Ninotchka," "He Stayed for Breakfast" and "Comrade X.")

In "COMRADE X" there is a scene where a hundred political suspects are rounded up and thrown into the Kremlin, where they immediately start a doleful chant, "We Are Free." If this had been an anti-Nazi film and the scene a concentration camp the episode would have called for nothing but pity and indignation from the audience. In "Comrade X" it is a gag, and everybody laughed heartily.

In all unfairness to the Comrades, "Comrade X" is a very amusing picture. It isn't romantic and tender like "Ninotchka" or elegant and gently ideological like "He Stayed for Breakfast." It is rowdy, irreverent and wisecracking like Ben Hecht, who wrote it. The romance, between a newspaper man and a lady street-car conductor (Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr) is a strictly rough-and-tumble affair. Faith-



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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Marchesi Tradition

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

TUCKED away among the war items recently was a brief despatch announcing the death in England of the famous singer Blanche Marchesi at the age of 76. She last sang in Canada in 1909, and though rather stout did not look her actual age. Her tour had special interest for Canadians for she brought with her a beautiful young pianist, born in St. Thomas, Ont., who had won plaudits in Paris as pupil of the aged pianist and composer, Moszkowski. Her name was Gertrude Huntley, and she is now Madame Gertrude Huntley Green of Vancouver and still one of the finest of Canadian pianists.

The significance of Blanche Marchesi lay not merely in the fact that she was an exquisite song interpreter, but that she represented a lyric tradition that went back to the post-Napoleonic period. She was the daughter of Madame Mathilde Marchesi, who was in her day, the greatest singing teacher in the world. In the palmy days of the 'nineties, when the Metropolitan Opera House boasted a staff of singers never since equalled, no less than three of the prima donnas were Marchesi pupils; Nellie Melba, Emma Calvé and Emma Eames. The list of other pupils who attained international celebrity included Emma Nevada, Ilma de Murska, Etelka Gerster, Sophie Traubman, Katherine Klafsky, Sybil Sanderson, Bessie Abbott, Mary Garden, Yvonne de Tréville and Felice Lyne. The last, who died young was as a coloratura singer the equal of Lily Pons and was taught by Marchesi when the latter was over eighty. In the mid-19th century many Marchesi pupils who never came to America were celebrated in European opera houses.

Regarded as French

Because of her long residence in Paris, where she settled in 1881, she was regarded as a Frenchwoman, but was in reality a Hessian, born in Frankfurt in 1826. Her maiden name was Mathilde Graumann. She represented the ancient tradition, because she was a pupil of Manuel Garcia, brother of Malibran (who died about the time Queen Victoria was crowned) and of another great singer, Pauline Viardot. Garcia, who died in London in 1906 at the age of 101, was a throat specialist as well as teacher, and is credited with having saved the voice of his most famous pupil, Jenny Lind.

In 1852 Mathilde married a Sicilian nobleman, the Marquis della Rajata, who in the troubled year 1848 was driven from Italy because of his revolutionary activities, and embarked on a career as an operatic baritone in New York, taking the name of Salvatore Marchesi. About the time of her marriage Mathilde became professor at the Vienna Conservatory, and there remained until her removal to Paris almost thirty years later. She died in 1913, having outlived Manuel Garcia, 20 years her senior, by 7 years.

Only the Best

Through her great prestige she was able to further the professional careers of promising pupils; for operatic directors knew that she would never send them anything but the best. The greatest of Carmens, Emma Calvé, pays a tribute to Marchesi's help in this respect. Hermann Klein, biographer of many singers, is inclined to think that Marchesi's greatest triumph was the career of Melba. The Australian was 25 years old when she went to Marchesi in 1886, after having failed to win attention in London, where she had sung under her own name of Mrs. Nellie Armstrong. Klein says that the clever old teacher was wise enough to "let well alone," where the production of tone was concerned. She saw at once that it would be im-

possible, in Melba's case, to better the work of nature. She did not attempt to darken the rather white timbre but left it bright, silvery and glistening, just as she found it. She cultivated, without forcing, the head notes, in her own characteristic Garcia-like way. She taught her pupil a perfect scale and a delicious shake, and made of her a facile, flexible, brilliant vocalist. Melba scored a great triumph at Covent Garden as Lucia. When she retired (in 1926) she had long been queen of that historic opera house. But for Marchesi's genius as teacher she would probably have remained in obscurity.

Blanche Marchesi's voice was not so large in compass as that of some of her mother's pupils. In 1895, when 31, she decided to live in London, perhaps to avoid confusion. She was one of the first artists to devote herself to song-recitals, a new field in the 'nineties. In the first years of her London residence she is credited with having prolonged the life of the Monday "pops." Of all types of lyric she was an exquisite interpreter, and pioneer of an art which has brought much joy to all discriminating lovers of music.

Mistaken Policy

During the past few years the Toronto Musical Protective Association, affiliated with the American Federation of Musicians, has, through its sponsorship of the Promenade Symphony Concerts, done much to dissipate the general belief that it was utterly indifferent to music. For several seasons it has rendered a real service to a wide public and incidentally to that section of its membership who happen to be serious musicians.

Why then should the M.P.A., having won a deserved prestige, proceed to revive hostility by gross and vexatious errors of policy? The decisions of its executives are clothed in mystery, but it has been impossible to conceal the fact that members of the M.P.A., much against their will, have been forbidden to donate their services at concerts arranged for soldiers at Camp Borden and other centres of military training. At Camp Borden, a theatre with seating capacity of 3000, equipped by the generosity of private citizens, was opened on December 21. The staff in charge find themselves already embarrassed by this prohibition. To give one or two specific instances. Not long since a distinguished English singer, wife of a British officer, temporarily in Canada, volunteered to sing for the soldiers, and a local pianist of distinction was to have accompanied her. The latter is a member of the union, and at the last moment was forbidden to give her services free of charge; at great inconvenience another pianist, not a member of the union was found. A fortnight or so ago one of the most popular broadcasting groups was invited to appear at Camp Borden. It includes musicians as well as comedians, and was reluctantly obliged to refuse the invitation, because the former were forbidden to appear.

Other Barriers

M.P.A. seems to be active in setting up barriers in other fields. There exists in Toronto the Vogt Society, a non-profit organization which devotes itself to arranging performances of new works by Canadian composers, on the theory that no aspirant can attain confidence or recognition until his music is heard. Recently it was obliged to cancel a program to be given without charge for those interested in the movement, because the musicians who were to have played the new works were forbidden to appear without fee. Under this ruling they would be prevented even from playing their own compositions to their friends. Apparently these prohibitions are not of local devising.

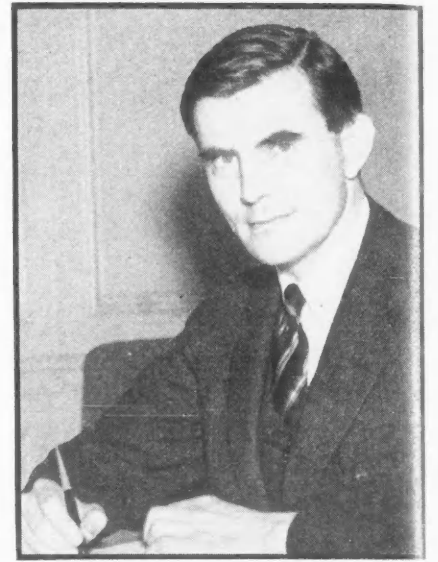
The officials of M.P.A. are mainly Englishmen, probably as willing that the soldiers should be entertained as anyone else. There is a negro in the woodpile somewhere.

Among the Musicians

Mischa Levitski, the gifted pianist, died recently at the age of 42. Though born in Russia his talent was discovered when he was a very poor little boy, attending public school on the East Side of New York. In the assembly room he saw a piano for the first time and used to sneak in to play at noon hour. Funds were raised for his education and among his teachers was Dohnanyi. Several of his appearances while still an adolescent were made in Massey Hall, and later he concertized in nearly every country of the world.

On January 10, Reginald Stewart is again giving a piano recital at Town Hall, New York, where he won a notable success last spring, and was lavishly praised by leading critics. It will be his third recital in that city, and he will give the same program at Eaton Auditorium on January 22.

The Canadian operatic soprano, Norma Piper, who last summer returned to her native Calgary after five years' sojourn in Italy, recently sang in that city for the first time since her home-coming at a concert for airmen. Naturally she received a most enthusiastic welcome. The ease, flexibility and purity of her vocal style were evident in the arias she sang; "Queen of the Night" from Mozart's "Magic Flute;" "Una Voce



John G. Winant, Director of the International Labour Office, who will be given a dinner by the League of Nations Society in Canada on January 25 in Montreal. Senator Cairine Wilson, President, will preside.

—Underwood & Underwood

Poco Fa" from Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and the "Mad Scene" from Donizetti's "Lucia." Madame Piper will make her first appearance in Eastern Canada in February, at London, Ont.

For the second of three broadcasts by the Montreal Orchestra, given on Christmas Eve, the conductor, Dr. Douglas Clark, chose Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," the music of which is very beautiful. It was heard in conjunction with Dvorak's "New World Symphony." The New Year's Eve program included Brahms' Symphony, No. 2 and Dvorak's "Carnaval" Overture. All these broadcasts took place in Plateau Hall, Montreal, and were largely attended by the public, invited to attend free of charge.

THE CAMERA

Sincerity Of Motive

BY "JAY"

THE subject of this week's contribution is again inspired by looking through the pages of a photographic journal. The 1941 edition of the "American Annual" is now on sale in two volumes, and I'm sorry to say that I have never before been less inspired by contemporary photographers, both amateur and professional.

I do appreciate the tremendous task of the editors of a photographic annual, and I do know that after inspecting and judging the many thousands of prints they receive, their final choice of about two or three hundred is a very sincere one. It must be sincere because when this final choice is bound into book form, it becomes a mirror reflecting the true value of photography as an art, science, profession and hobby.

When I am asked to pass an opinion on a photographic picture, I first try to determine the motive of the photographer, and if that motive was a sincere one. This I maintain should be the first responsibility of the editors of annuals.

When an editor or a judge is asked to accept for reproduction, or salon hanging, a highly dramatized picture of a sewer pipe, that editor or judge, in lieu of the presence of the artist, must interpret for himself the amount of sincerity there was behind the motive which inspired a picture from such usually uninspiring subject matter.

We photographers speak with a certain well deserved pride about the art of photography, but some of us forget the fact that we have a long long road to travel before we reach the level of the more classic arts, although in this respect I do hope we never reach the level of modern painting, and we will do just this if our sincerity is not closely watched

by those who have the responsibility of exposing our work to the final critics, the public.

TO GET back to the sewer pipe we can find three motives for photographing it, one to advertise it, another to show its use, and the third would be a sincere attempt to make a pictorial photograph of it. How is an editor or a judge to determine the depth of this sincerity?

Well, I think his own experience as a photographer would tell him if the motive was sincere, or if it was just a relief from the monotony which comes from lack of inspiration. The ideals toward which the artist was striving would be quite apparent. His treatment of mass and line, his lighting arrangement would help towards a fair judgment. Then of course would be the placement of the centre of interest, and the method used in subduing all relevant subject matter, in fact the intelligence evident in the use of all the principles necessary in the fulfilment of the final print, would lead to the correct judgment.

My argument with the editors of the 1941 "American Annual" is that they have shown too much attention to perfect technique, and not nearly enough to the sincerity of motive. I have seen in the past plenty of evidence of the use of perfect technique as a cloak to cover the lack of true artistic inspiration. The high standard of technique is to be preserved at all times, but its absence must not be allowed to blind the eyes of editors and judges to true evidences of real artistic vision, and where this vision is observed it must be encouraged at all costs, because from it will grow that art in photography which will be sincere, full of vitality and enduring. Cheerio and good pictures.

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Beach note for those who are going to Bermuda or the Bahamas. The picture shows one of the novelties for the 1941 season—a cotton bengaline bathing suit with the midriff bared. Parasol matches the suit.

CONCERNING FOOD

Waste Not, Want Not

BY JANET MARCH

WELL, it's over. The tree has been dismantled, and no longer moults on the rug. A couple of the best Norman pre-war ornaments were smashed by the cats who firmly believed that brightly colored things hanging on an evergreen tree inside the house were there solely for their

pleasure, and to be battled by paws whenever bothersome people would allow. The lighting system gave up the ghost before the tree was taken down, but that will be next December's worry; the person who gets Christmas tree lights fixed in January is too good to be true. The family have been goaded, pushed and wheedled into writing thank you notes for their presents. "Gee, I've forgotten what book Uncle Augustus gave me. I changed it the next day!" The attic is filled with boxes, the present drawer bulges, for the person who hasn't at least one useless unexchangeable discard from their pile of presents to add to this drawer is loved by the gods.

The usual happenings of the holidays all happened. The snow, counted on by owners of new skis and fancy skiing clothes vanished and reappeared as water flooding the cellar. There was no skating. The young individually got flu before their best parties and lay complaining of the inaccuracies of fever thermometers. The various plays and movies designed to attract the children were heavily attended, while parents sat with faces blanched by terrible boredom during three hour amateur performances, where every one sang off key at short intervals.

The Christmas holidays, whose coming all through November and December shone before us like a beacon, are gone. Perhaps the young found the days golden, but the enchantment of Christmas 1940 seemed short lived.

"Like silver lamps in a distant shrine The stars are sparkling bright"

only the shrine this year seemed to be extra distant. Let's hope it moves nearer during 1941.

Now that the time for rich, expen-

sive and indigestible food is past let's all try a little economy. This war has affected Canadian tables very little, if at all, and, children, if you'll listen to Grandma she'll tell you about a few of the things we all ate in the last war, but not about cocoanut. Not even twenty-two years can erase violent feelings about the substitution of thick layers of cocoanut for icing on nearly all cakes. Cocoanut is grand in its place, for instance freshly grated in curry but not in a desiccated state on top of cakes, so that you feel as if the shredded wheat had got loose in the tea hour without benefit of cream and sugar. There was, you understand, no nice cushy icing underneath with a little fresh cocoanut scattered on top. There was just cocoanut alone, very thick, for icing was illegal or treasonable or something awful.

For those of us who balked at cocoanut there was war cake. This had none of the things in it which a self respecting cake should have, but it didn't taste too bad. Here's the recipe.

Canadian War Cake

- 2 cups of brown sugar
- 2 cups of hot water
- 2 tablespoons of lard
- 1 package of seedless raisins
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 1 teaspoon of cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon of cloves

Boil everything five minutes after the ingredients begin to bubble, and then let cool. When cold add three cups of flour and one teaspoon of soda dissolved in a teaspoon of hot water. Bake in two loaves for forty-five minutes in a slow oven. This cake is better if it is kept for a week before using.

Potatoes got scarce too, so we ate rice, with our Irish blood always making us feel that it was all right in a pudding or for coolies but not in a vegetable dish instead of spuds.

Spanish Rice

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of uncooked rice
- 2 cups cold water
- 1 cup of canned tomatoes
- 1 medium onion cut small
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of red pepper or green pepper chopped
- 1 teaspoon of salt

Cook everything for an hour in the double boiler and then add one dessertspoonful of butter before serving.

When we did have potatoes we made soup with them, and very good soup it was too, war or no war. You can't beat a good thick potato soup for lunch or Sunday supper, or to start dinner when the housekeeper has slight misgivings as to the size of the meal and the size of the appetites working out quite right.

Potato Soup

Boil six large potatoes with an onion cut up in a quart of water till they are very soft. Melt one table-spoonful of butter in a saucepan and stir in one of flour, season well with lots of pepper and stir in a quart of milk, stirring all the while. Strain the potatoes with their water into the milk mixture and let it all come to the boil. Add a spoonful of chopped parsley and more pepper and salt and serve.

It was in the making of bread that we tried the hardest. Families who had never done anything except put out a ticket for the baker mixed up graham flour with some bran, threw in a yeast cake, put it all to keep warm beside the radiator, and invariably the next day found themselves the owners of more brownish looking bread than they could eat. The hard wheat situation in Canada being what it is this year it seems unlikely that we shall have to start this all again, but if you are interested in history here's one of the ways of doing it.

Rye and Oatmeal Bread

Make a pint of oatmeal porridge, and let it cool till it is just lukewarm, then add a yeast cake and one table-spoonful of molasses and enough rye flour to make a soft dough. Knead well and let it rise till it is double its bulk. Then knead again and shape into loaves, and let it rise again in greased tins till it doubles its bulk again. Bake for fifty minutes in a moderate oven. Don't add too much

flour because the dough must be softish to get good results. This really makes awfully good bread, and an occasional go of home-made bread tastes wonderful.

Scotch Oatcake

This was another good thing we used to eat a lot of in the last war. Dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of soda and a pinch of salt in a pint of boiling water. If you don't use the whole pint you can keep it till your next baking which, with soda costing what

it does, shows that this is a real Scotch recipe. Put half a pound of fine oatmeal in a bowl and rub in two tablespoonfuls of dripping. Then add from two to three tablespoonfuls of the water and soda, cold by now, and mix well with the hands. Flour the board well with oatmeal, and put the dough on the board. Knead it well, spreading it out and trying to keep the edges from cracking which is very hard to manage. Roll in very thin, cut in rounds or wedges and bake in a medium oven on ungreased tins from twenty to thirty minutes.

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IN THE KITCHEN

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"They must have been giving him

BOVRIL"

40-19

QUICKLY DIGESTED
A FINE "LIFTER UPPER"



The Littlefield Ballet will make its first Canadian appearance at Massey Hall, Toronto, on January 15. Here they rehearse "Daphnis and Chloe".

AT THE THEATRE

This Is First-Class American

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

ANY theory that "The Man Who Came To Dinner" depends for its effectiveness upon some knowledge of the personal idiosyncrasies of certain radio entertainers may be dismissed as totally unfounded upon the emphatic testimony of this veteran critic, who knows no more about radio entertainers than about the leading politicians of Thailand, and nevertheless found the latest Hart-Kaufman comedy acutely amusing from rise to fall of curtain. The inventiveness, the capacity for devising effective stage situations, of these supremely American dramatists is limited only by what can be made plausible for their characters; and when they have a central character who makes his living by his eccentricities, and get him into a milieu where he is in violent opposition to all the other characters and could not remain for ten minutes if he did not have a broken leg, there ceases to

be any limit to what can be made plausible. Essentially this piece is farce; but because it remains within the sphere of reasonable probability for a screwball radio commentator, it sounds like comedy. Mr. Sam H. Harris actually maintains that it is comedy. It plays here all next week.

He has given it an extremely competent production. Not a single member of the cast—not even the immensely competent Mr. Clifton Webb—was in the original New York production; but they all act with an authority that makes the piece live even in its most fantastic moments. Doris Diana Dalton was entirely reasonable even when playing the part of an American actress foiled in her project of marrying a wealthy British peer. James MacColl did a highly effective bit as a sort of Noel Coward. Ruth Sherrill got a well deserved ovation when she rebelled against the task of being nurse to Mr. Webb. Sally McMorrow got most of the character value and some but not all of the emotional value out of the part of the secretary who falls in love. The whole performance was beautifully organized and timed.

Mr. Webb is, one imagines, the ideal player for the radio personage. The idea of having it played—as it actually was for a time, presumably as a publicity stunt—by a real radio personage like Alexander Woolcott is slightly revolting to this reviewer. Mr. Webb gives the part the precise "pose" that it requires; one knows that everything he does is calculated to the last lift of the eyebrow. His business notably the reading of the play script during which the idea for stopping his secretary's marriage occurs to him is lucidity itself, and his delivery of the richly wise-cracked lines is sublimely right. There were times when I thought that Hart and Kaufman wrote him as well as the play.

I was particularly glad to be at the Royal Alexandra on Monday evening. It was a theatre night for a most praiseworthy charity, and "all Toronto" and the Lieutenant-Governor were there. In such a house the buzz of conversation is strong enough to drown out the orchestra between the acts.

Night in a Shelter

BY JENNIFER JEROME

IN SOME ways a shelter is not unlike an exclusive London club. Either you belong to it, or you don't.

I had been told to report as Shelter Marshal to a group of shelters in Wandsworth. Not having a uniform of any sort, except a borrowed steel helmet, there was no way for anyone to know that I wasn't just spending the night there for reasons of safety or convenience.

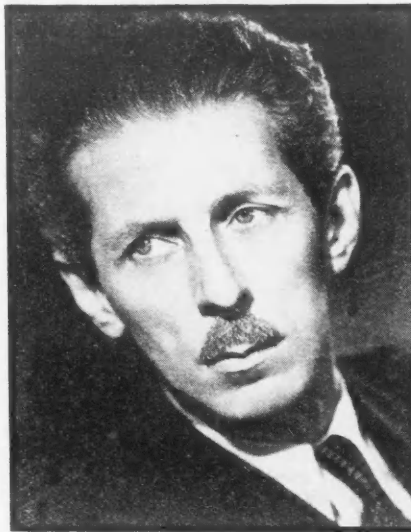
I felt far from happy as I stumbled down the stairs out of the blackness into the comparative lightness of the shelter. The place was full of men, women, and children, all sitting around on the floor or on benches, talking, smoking and knitting. All conversation stopped when I appeared, and I was aware of being the object of curiosity to numerous eyes.

Then, "Come right in" said some kindly soul, as I stood hesitating in the door. "There's always room for one more." So I went in and found myself a small space on one of the benches. The woman beside me was very friendly which made things easier.

At about 10.30 they all began to settle down for the night. Some of them had brought mattresses with them which they spread out on the concrete floor, a few had deck-chairs, but for the most part they lay on rugs on the floor or curled themselves uncomfortably along the narrow benches. I suppose that every shelter has its share of snorers, coughers, and wailing babies. We had ours. There was the young man with the wracking cough; the fractious baby who woke up every now and then and cried fretfully until its mother reached over sleepily and thrust a bottle into its waiting mouth; the small boy who sat up and shouted in his sleep, and was told fiercely by one or other of his parents to shut up; the pale heavy-eyed little girl who turned and twisted on her narrow bench, arranging and rearranging her holey blankets; the ardent snorer, of the crescendo type, who sat bolt-upright with his mouth open, omitting a tremendous volume of sound when he reached his peak.

I FOUND that my choice of seat was unfortunate, as I was just beside the two chemical closets, and off and on all through the night someone, eyes bleary with sleep, would climb over the recumbent figures on the floor, and make for one of the two

Two stars of the entertainment world will be in Toronto in the next two weeks. At the right, Clifton Webb in "The Man Who Came to Dinner" which ends a two weeks' run at the Royal Alexandra Theatre on Jan. 18. Below Robert Schmitz, celebrated French pianist who plays at Hart House on Jan. 13, under the auspices of the Women's Musical Club of Toronto.



drew rather hastily hoping for the best.

Outside it was cold and dark. There was the faint hum of a plane a long way off, and the guns had stopped firing. I stood and watched the few stray searchlights playing lazily across the sky. Then I heard footsteps and a dark mass loomed up on top of me. It was an A.R.P. warden making his rounds. He asked me who I was, and I asked him if there was any place near where I could get tea for some of the old people in my shelter. He offered to show me the way to a coffee stall in the next street which stayed open all night. So we set off together. We were very friendly by the time we got there, and he had told me that his name was Barnes, but to call him Fred. He said if I ever had trouble with any of the people in the shelter to call on him and he'd back me up. There was a light inside the coffee stall and we

could see each other for the first time.

"Oh," he said in a disappointed way after looking at me in silence for a moment, "Why, you're older than me." I apologized, and he was very handsome about it, and offered me a cup of tea and a sandwich. We took back a big granite jug full of hot tea, and handed it around to anyone who was awake and wanted it.

It was still dark at six o'clock in the morning, and the sky was bright with stars. The "all clear" had already gone, and it was time for the London breadwinners to go home and get themselves breakfast before starting out to work. The wives would often stay behind until later in the morning so as not to disturb their children's sleep.

Up the stairs they came, then blankets over their arms. A silent procession, pale and bleary-eyed but undaunted in spirit.

BALLET MOMENT

MUSICAL ones before a crimson curtain

Move like the sway of white blossoms. Heads toss with the smooth lull of waves;

Flexible arms, alert with poised loveliness,

Are remembering curved boughs; Tapered legs flash in swift unison

With long-ago beat of tribal ecstasy. As young bodies, shaping the air,

Flow through the lyrical lines Of a fun-loving arabesque.

ALAN CREIGHTON.

doors. It grew more stuffy and more smelly with every hour that passed.

At about midnight there was a burst of anti-aircraft fire all around us. The big guns barked furiously and the little ones went woof-woof—rather like puppies imitating their parents. I decided it was time for me to make the round of the shelters so I took my torch and set off.

In No. 5 Shelter a party of young people was still laughing and talking, and an old man asked me if I wouldn't stop them as they were keeping everyone awake. With some misgiving I made my way into No. 5. There were no benches here, and the people were huddled in heaps on the floor. In my most polite voice I asked them if they would please be a little more quiet as the people in the next shelter were trying to sleep. There was a moment's silence, then, "Come and lie down beside me, Ginger," said a man's voice engagingly from out of a dark corner. Everyone laughed at this sally, and I with-



Julie Haydon, star of William Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life" which begins a week's run at Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, Jan. 20.

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"THE BACK PAGE"

Think of a Name

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

THOSE dreamy young promoters who think up the names of luxury perfumes for women have recently come up against a problem that probably keeping them tossing all night long on their scented pillows. It was easy enough to invent names for feminine perfumes—names like "Surrender" and "It's You" and "Sleeping" and "Mais Oui." But masculine perfumes are now entering the market. The manufacturers are all ready and waiting, their atomizers loaded and cocked. The problem is how to get the male scent within shooting range. A name would do it, but it has to be the right name, at once virile and enticing, and so far no one has been able to hit on it. "Snuff" (in a pipe-shaped bottle) is the best they've been able to manage, and something entitled, like one of those coy nuptial face-towels, "For Him."

THESE names are undeniably flat. The new masculine scent should suggest the conquering male as the feminine scent suggests the yielding female. I've thought of "Hello Beautiful" (in a bottle shaped like a little dress suit) but I don't like it very much. And the cheaper or Woolworth version "Hiya Baby" (bottle shaped like someone leaning out of a second-storey window) is obviously out of the question; too coarse. "It's Me," to correspond to the feminine "It's You" would make a nice bright opening but unfortunately it's ungrammatical and the pedantic "It's I" would never get a man anywhere. "Proposition" however has possibilities. Certainly the notion of a gentleman drenched in "Proposition" coming suddenly on a lady breathing "Indiscret" or "Surrender" is a fascinating if scandalous one.

The manufacturers themselves however seem to feel that the direct approach for masculine scents is in questionable taste. So they have fallen back apparently on an indirect campaign. Their clients, if they follow the instructions on the bottle, which is anonymous, will smell hauntingly of Old Russian leather, Green Walnut, Sage Brush, and Wild Fern.

OLD Russian leather sounds elegant all right, but the truth is that old leather smells pretty much the same everywhere, no matter what its nationality. In fact it's going to be pretty hard to distinguish between a gentleman smelling of old Russian leather and a gentleman smelling of old leather trunk straps or old leather telephone directory

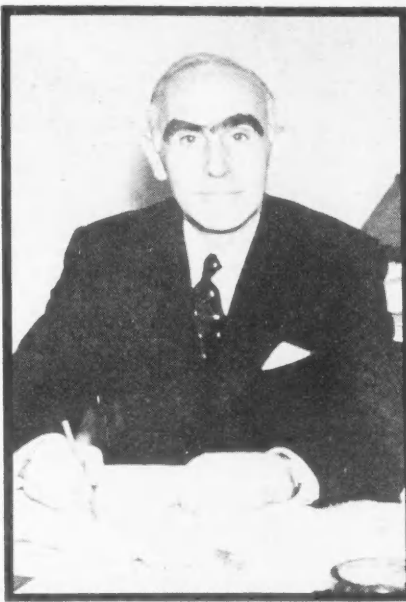
covers. And where will that get him? Exactly nowhere.

The point is of course that the male user of perfume is supposed to pick up his lovely aura quite by accident in the course of some manly exercise. If he smells of green walnut, sage brush or wild fern, the idea is that he got that way through a brisk tramp through the open country. It would be a perfectly good idea too if it weren't that women where perfume is concerned are the world's smartest pharmacologists. "Well who have you been with?" our hero's girl will greet him when he turns up smelling briskly of the open air. "I haven't been with anybody," he will say. "Just off by myself for a tramp through the sage-brush country." "Sage-brush eh?" she will say. "You must have rolled in it. And anyway that isn't sage-brush, it's green walnut." "Well as a matter of fact I did shin up a couple of walnut trees," our hero will say, flushing boyishly. And at this point she will probably say that if he doesn't mind she suddenly has the most frightful headache and thinks she'll go upstairs and lie down. She will then disappear, probably forever, leaving behind nothing but a haunting fragrance of Lemon Verbena (For Memories).

THERE are plenty of fine perfumes that a man can come by legitimately but I doubt if they have much romantic appeal. I once knew a dentist who always smelled agreeably of wintergreen, but the only effect of this on the opposite sex was to set them talking about their impacted wisdom teeth. He was strictly the in-door type of course. But the genuine out-door type who proclaims himself with the open-air scents of ski-wax or tarpaulin or wet bird dogs or rubber wading boots isn't likely to be much more successful romantically. How can you make any real headway with a girl who keeps moving restlessly about the room throwing up windows?

You can see what is needed—some fresh tingling aroma which will suggest the rugged active male in a state of indoor relaxation? I happen to have thought of the very thing—just old-fashioned rubbing alcohol, suitably named and attractively bottled. All the manufacturers have to do is invent the name and the bottle-shape and they can have it, provided they don't spoil it with any phoney adulterations of Wild Balsam or Sweet Burdock.

Then just a drop or two on a handkerchief and a dab behind the ears and our male customer will be all ready for conquest in 1941.



Rt. Hon. Arthur Purvis, P.C., Allied Purchasing Commission head in America. In King's New Year honor list he was created Privy Councillor.

sees the habitant as a rurally romantic figure, and in that he is of his generation. The shimmering technique of Impressionism blends with the heroic mould in which the peasant is cast, to produce something akin to the dignity and solidity of Millet.

THE point about Thomson is that you can't call him "the Canadian" anything. Such nicknames (Krieghoff, The Breughel of Canada; Cullen—Canada's Monet) were possible only so long as painters owed less to Canada than to European idioms for their artistic success. Thomson is completely original, not only in his choice of subject matter (Canada is

the only country that possesses a pre-Cambrian shield and its attendant climate and flora) but in his method of approach. Here the matter and the manner are perfectly fitted to each other. Alone, before a Nature which he loved and understood, Thomson produces sketch after sketch of overwhelming conviction and power. Like van Gogh, you feel that the urge to paint in him is so strong that, had there been such a thing as instantaneous calligraphy, well, he would have used it. Yet each little pearl is deftly set within its prescribed limits. It may be that I had never before seen Dr. J. S. MacCallum's magnificent collection of sketches—an important section of this show; but certainly their effect was to make me believe more strongly than ever that Thomson is that rare thing in painting; an original.

You cannot feel the same about the canvases. Except when he stuck closely to the sketch, when he carried over into the larger work the spontaneity of the smaller, they are often harsh and over-simplified to the point of crudity. There are exceptions, of course: "October," "The West Wind," "Chill November," "The Jack Pine" (though even here you may feel the need for a fresh stock-taking). But Thomson's genius lay in his ability to catch, swiftly and surely, the essence of a fleeting moment that gave lyric delicacy to a harsh land. To hold that essence in a large canvas, you must have more technical understanding and more patience than he had. The decorative panels are the very nadir of his art. But in all his sketches, and in many of the canvases he tells a thrilling story, and speaks for the vast silences of this great country as no one else has spoken before or since.

PEGI NICOL McLEOD makes a welcome return to Canadian galleries this month. With Marian

Scott, another whose work we see too rarely, Kathleen Morris and Mabel Lockerby, she makes up a four-man show in the Print Room at the Art Gallery of Toronto. Mrs. McLeod's studies of "Jane" are utterly charming. She will never be a popular painter because she distorts for emotional ends, a type of unorthodoxy heavily frowned on in this country. But nothing will ever stop her being a good one. In all these studies, her wayward brush is now working harmoniously within the frame. You don't feel, as sometimes you used to, that her paintings flow out onto the wall.

Marian Scott's paintings have never flowed, except in the hidden rhythm that exists between abstract shapes. She is a Spartan, who, with a surgical brush, pries aside the pistils and stamens of flowers, the unnecessary gingerbread that surrounds mechanical objects, and limns them bare, skeletal, uncompromising. Yet her work has something that the age of power has not: mystery. In the soaring sweep of a fire escape, in the perpetuum mobile of an escalator she finds hidden stresses, and shapes.

Kathleen Morris and Mabel Lockerby paint in a somewhat lower key. They are content to follow the current landscape tradition, and do so with considerable grace. Miss Morris's landscapes are fluid and pleasantly simple; Miss Lockerby's still lifes have great decorative charm.

AT THE galleries of the T. Eaton Co. in Toronto, Franklin Arbuckle is holding his annual one-man show. Mr. Arbuckle has demonstrated his flair for humorous conversation pieces, and it is a pity that one or two of these are not here to lend variety to a show consisting almost solely of landscapes. However, these are in Mr. Arbuckle's usual bright, pleasant style.

ART AND ARTISTS

Two Local Boys Make Good

BY GRAHAM McINNES

FROM THOMSON and Horatio Walker were both local boys who made good. Born respectively in Owen Sound, Ont., and Listowel, Ont., each rose to national, indeed international, fame as a painter, each mastered his craft, and each spoke with an individual voice of the land he loved. Each had his own vision of Canada, his own concept of art. Thomson was a rebel, an innovator, a man fired with a deep passion for the country he knew, an artist whose surging power burst through the bonds imposed by technical limitations. Walker was a traditionalist, a man whose pleasant placid vision was well suited to his fine craftsmanship. One told in rapid, spontaneous brushstrokes of the glory and grimness of the Laurentian Shield; the

other spoke in measured accents of the quiet domesticity of the Laurentian Valley. Each has left his mark; and if Thomson's mark now seems the deeper, that is because his vision was the keener.

The Art Gallery of Toronto has arranged a joint exhibition of the work of these two men. In the case of Thomson it is definitive—the most complete I have ever seen. In the case of Walker, whose output was much larger, it is not so comprehensive, but it is full enough to give you the man's stature. Walker's work ranges from intimate water colors of farm life to those huge oils—genre pieces, which caused Americans to speak of him as the Canadian Millet. He chronicles the slow march of the seasons on the Ile d'Orléans. He

at EATON'S

*Reflection
of Your Good Taste*

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T. EATON CO. LIMITED

Who Is Expected to Meet the Cost of the War?



Nine-year-old Kenneth Kerner of Thornton Heath, Surrey, read one morning that the R.A.F. needed men. So he sat down at once and wrote . . .

WRITE NOW FOR FREE LEAFLET
To Air Ministry Information Bureau, Kingsway,
London, W.C.2. Please send me latest leaflet, giving
details of Flying Service in the R.A.F.

NAME KENNETH KERNER
ADDRESS VIEW GARDENS
THORNTON HEATH
SURREY

TO THE AIR MINISTER.
PLEASE COULD YOU TRAIN
ME ON A SMALL GLOSTER GLADIATOR
IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS MY AGE IS
NINE I WILL BE TEN ON DECEMBER
THIRD 1940
FROM KENNETH KERNER

... this letter, giving full details, to the Air Minister . . .

From: The Air Ministry Information Bureau
Tel. No. TEMPLE 511 1551
Telegram: AIKQUEST (Extending, London)
Four rel. AIKQUEST
Bureau ref. A.M.I.B./2080

AIR MINISTRY,
ADASTRAL HOUSE,
KINGSWAY,
LONDON, W.C.2.

30th November, 1940.

Dear Kenneth,

Thank you for your letter. I am afraid that it would take longer than two weeks to train you to fly a Gloster "Gladiator" and I do not think we have one small enough for you. We should be very glad to hear from you again when you grow up, and we may then be able to teach you to fly a full sized aeroplane.

Yours truly,
P. Griffiths
Officer in Charge.

Master Kenneth Kerner,
31, View Gardens,
Thornton Heath,
Surrey.

... and a few days later received this official, encouraging reply.

BY W. A. McKAGUE

THE Dominion government has sponsored a policy of gearing wages to living costs which, it is claimed, will protect the worker against rising prices, and at the same time protect the consuming public against wages taking the lead in a vicious spiral of inflation. Inasmuch as wages are to be not less than they were in the years 1926-29 inclusive, from which level they may move upward along with living costs, there is no gainsaying the benefit from the viewpoint of the worker. Against this, he merely foregoes any immediate hope of profiteering.

If and when the same principles are applied to other leading interests in the country, such as agriculturists and investors, and everything possible is done to bring all others into line, then both the protection and the restriction of labor may be justified, assuming of course that such direct controls are in order. Thus far, however, neither agriculturists nor investors, nor for that matter hardly any other group in the community, has enjoyed such immunity from rising costs. But they have been subjected to very definite measures of depression.

The principles applied to labor, and by implication warranted for others, are in accord with Parliament's earlier sponsorship of a policy of conscription. It did not follow that such conscription should take place. Nor was it requisite that conscription

The Dominion government's policy of protecting labor against price increases, and thereby exempting it from those new taxes which go into prices, is justifiable only if extended to other interests in the community.

But farmers, investors, etc., are restricted downward, with no upward support. Butter has been pegged from going too high, rents are rigidly held down, and interest rates are artificially low.

We are therefore entitled to ask, who is expected to pay for the cost of the war, and who is to economize in order that our war program may be carried out?

of one thing, say labor, should keep exact pace with that of something else, say capital. But it was expected that whatever principles of remuneration were adopted for one should be equally applicable to another.

Privileges of Labor

The base period selected for wage calculations represents just slightly below the highest on record. The maximum four year average was for the years 1928-31 inclusive, and it would have added merely another three per cent. Accordingly it is correct to say that labor is being assured of practically its highest earnings on record, and a still higher purchasing power, in view of the fact that prices have declined. Further, it is guaranteed increases to cover price increases.

Nothing is said about the flour processing tax, special import duties and other levies which account for

price increases and which are intended to assess all people for the cost of the war. Therefore it is fair to ask, if labor is to be exempted from these war taxes, then who is expected to meet the cost of the war?

Let us work out a parallel for farm prices. It might be argued that these should start from their own peak but that peak, having been reached towards the close of the last war, was rather extreme. We can afford to be more moderate and use the base period chosen for labor—1926-29. To bring farm prices up to that level would demand an immediate advance of something like 40 per cent. Wheat, for instance, would have to be raised from 70 cents to \$1.00 per bushel. From this level there would be upward revisions if justified, but none downward.

Back in 1926-29 government bonds yielded about five per cent. Now they yield about 3½ per cent. The immediate revision needed to put the

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

No Peace by Negotiation

BY P. M. RICHARDS

SOME U.S. newspapers have been suggesting recently that the war might be brought to a sudden and early end by a negotiated peace, the idea being that both Britain and Germany may feel that even a patched-up peace is better than protracted, indecisive warfare which may bring economic ruin to both.

Those who talk this way are no friends of Britain. Britain cannot accept a "negotiated" peace, or any kind of peace that is not based on complete defeat of Germany. American advocates of a "negotiated" peace are either fifth columnists working for Germany, isolationists who believe for one reason or another that nothing matters so long as the United States is not actively involved in the war, or business men who look with dread on the effects on the American economy of a long-continued war.

A peace by negotiation now could not but leave Germany in control of the countries she controls now, which would mean virtually the whole of Europe, and presumably of various important colonies of those countries. All these satellites of Germany would have to adjust their economies so as not to compete with Germany but contribute instead to her own economic growth and dominance. They would be merely feeders for Germany. Britain would be cut off from trade with these countries, or have only such trade as Germany chose to allow her. Obviously this would be an impossible situation for Britain, with her large population dependent on foreign trade, not to mention the countries enslaved by Germany that Britain has promised to free.

Impossible for U.S. Too

It would be almost as impossible for the United States, from the long-term viewpoint. The United States thinks she must always be a dominating figure in world trade because of her accumulated wealth and huge resources, but maybe Hitler could get along without these things or take them if he wanted them. It is certain that the United States, a democracy which has aided Britain, would be very disadvantageously placed in a post-war world influenced, if not directly controlled, by Germany. The United States is not self-sufficient, although much more so than Britain or Canada, and would inevitably decline in wealth and productivity under such conditions. Realization of the more abundant life promised by Roosevelt would clearly be impossible.

Furthermore, since it would really be no more than a truce, a peace by negotiation now would not remove the necessity for armament-building. The erstwhile combatants would continue to produce munitions of war as vigorously as possible and subordinate all normal considerations to those of war-power. Their finances would break down, their productive systems would fall further and further short of supplying the ordinary living requirements of their populations, the latter would grow more and more intolerant of such conditions, and the world would drift toward anarchy.

Must Be a Real Peace

Certainly, the world needs the restoration of peace as soon as possible, but above all else, it needs that the peace be a real peace, on which world reconstruction can be solidly based. That kind of peace requires, first, that the Axis nations renounce their imperialistic aims and that the renunciation be convincing. To be convincing, it would have to be a renunciation by the peoples of those countries, as well as by their present leaders. There would have to be acceptable guarantees. The leaders themselves would have to be eliminated—convincingly eliminated—to make the guarantees acceptable. War would have to be renounced as an instrument of national policy. The desirability of less nationalism and more internationalism would have to be recognized. From this would follow the elimination of artificial barriers to international trade, and the establishment of an automatically-functioning international monetary system.

What possible hope is there of achieving these conditions and aims in the reasonably early future? The people of Germany cannot now be made to believe that Hitlerism doesn't work, because it has worked, so far. Adolf Hitler must be discredited before he can be discarded, and that involves the breaking down of Hitlerism and of Germany.

Germany must not only be defeated, but defeated utterly and conclusively. This time the world must really be made safe for democracy. Britain and her Allies will do the job by themselves, or the United States can come in and speed the process. Either way the end is the same. Peace on our terms, the terms of the English-speaking nations, for they are the nations who will have to lead in world reconstruction and guarantee its future security.



investor on an equal footing with the worker therefore is about 50 per cent. upward. A still more favorable base could be found, from the investor's viewpoint, but that is not necessary.

If the government is satisfied with 1929 on the ground that it is best for labor, then possibly the farmers and the investors will accept it on the same basis. But nothing of the kind having been done for them, and considerable downward pressure having been brought to bear on money rates at least, a lack of enthusiasm concerning some phases of our war finance is natural. Even a sit-down strike is possible; the right of the worker to strike being still recognized in the new order, it can hardly be denied to the farmer and the investor. That is a critical situation, in view of the growing shortages of some farm products, and the appeal being made for a record-breaking billion dollar loan this year.

Reactions Unfavorable

The reactions of others concerned are definitely unfavorable. H. H. Hennam, president of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, says on behalf of farmers: "They declare that the government has adopted a policy of paying labor on the standard of 1926 to 1929 or higher, and the same policy should apply to agriculture. If it did the price of butter would not have been pegged under 45 cents a pound".

Investors are weak because, in spite of the alleged money monopoly, they are practically unorganized. But there is no mistaking their reaction to a policy of depression. That such a policy was definitely contemplated was evident when the Finance Minister stated on September 12, 1929, that "What we cannot meet by taxation we shall finance by means of borrowing from the Canadian public at rates as low as possible". This is being implemented not merely by paying the lowest market rate. The market itself is controlled by a host of artifices, so that in fact there is no open money market in Canada.

This is not written as an anti-labor article. Neither, however, does it condone a policy which is clearly hostile to the farmer, to the investor, and to many others in the community, including the base metal producers who are asked to sell at prices which are far below their highest in the past, and the fishermen, the lumbermen, and other primary producers who must take what they can get in a world of trade disruption. The property owner was told point-blank that he had to be content with the rent he was getting at the beginning of 1940, which it happens was about the lowest rental level in about twenty-five years, and he was barred from any hope for increases in the future, irrespective of prices, rising costs and even taxation.

Policy Inequitable

Here we have an obvious case of *give for the goose and applesauce for the gander*. To labor is handed what amounts to a guarantee against rising costs, and also immunity from these new taxes which are loaded into living costs. But to the independent producer, the merchant and the investor, there is proffered neither guarantee nor immunity; instead, they are urged, on patriotic grounds, to produce, to save and to sell, and all as cheap as possible.

If this is the answer to our question, who is expected to meet the cost of the war, it is one that does not satisfy. It demands that the economic views, which inspire these new regulations, be truthfully put before us for our consideration. And it further leaves unanswered the question of how the government conceivably can expect to diminish some people's consumption when at the same time it guarantees them the income to consume as much as ever.

This is supposed to be an "all-out" war. Canada is plunged into a war program absorbing from 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. of all we produce. That is far too great a task to allow any class or interest to escape their share of the sacrifice.

War and Primary Producers

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Mr. Layton here deals with the plight of the neutral nations which formerly provided Europe with primary products and which have now lost their markets, and views with concern the possibility of a fundamental dislocation of the world markets.

What can be done to avert it? he asks. Britain and the United States might dole out money to hold up prices and production, or the producing nations might balance production with the volume of war-time demand.

He suggests that a mean between these extremes might be achieved by Britain and the U.S. offering limited financial assistance conditional upon a measure of production limitation.

WAR is by tradition a good thing economically for the primary producers who are not involved in it. Primary production is the production of oil and base metals, of rubber and wheat, and of all the infinite variety of commodities which are essential, if not all of them for the making of arms, at any rate for the maintenance of the war effort in one direction or another. So war has meant to these "have" countries a greatly stimulated demand and a rising price.

But the present war is not running true to economic form. It has so far failed to confer these benefits that there is developing a widespread apprehension about the impending difficulties of the primary producers, and in some influential quarters the plea for economic planning to solve them is already appearing.

The London *Economist*, in an examination of the position, points out that the most striking economic difference between this war and the last is that few fortunes are being made by the neutrals. This may indeed be an inadequate description of the situation. The operation of the British blockade has cut Europe off from the world, and the Europe which is cut off has always been deficient in primary products, relying upon the rest of the world for a main part of its supplies.

From the point of view of military strategy this is, of course, wholly a good thing, since it brings the breaking point of Germany and Italy (and the revolution point of the subdued territories) nearer. But Great Britain cannot view without feeling the need for some action—the prospect of a fundamental dislocation of the world markets, in which, possibly, some of the big producing areas may find themselves facing bankruptcy amid the ruins of the price structure.

A Serious Problem

That may be putting it rather high, but there is no doubt that a serious problem exists. Continental Europe took, in the years 1936-38, over 90 per cent. of the non-European exports of rye; 75 per cent. of the oats; 54 per cent. of the wool and jute; 47 per cent. of the cotton; 42 per cent. of the coffee and 39 per cent. of the cocoa; 46 per cent. of the maize; 32½ per cent. of the wheat; 33 per cent. of the oil, 25 per cent. of the rubber; and high proportions of other cereals, tobacco, various vegetable oils, and other raw textile fibres. The almost complete stoppage of these sources of demand must clearly exercise a very profound effect.

What should Great Britain do about it? And what could she do? The *Economist* argues that there is a case for Anglo-American co-operation, since theirs is the greatest common interest in averting economic disruption in the primary producing areas. That something should be done is pretty apparent when it is considered to what degree a collapse

of prices would initiate general depression, and to what degree the two democracies would feel the effects of depression. What could be done is a more complicated problem.

It would, of course, be possible to cancel out the immediate effects of the emasculation of demand by doling out money so that production and prices might be maintained by the creation of huge stocks (that is a solution which, in the domestic sphere, has previously appealed to Washington). But this is a demonstrably bad method. It cannot help but encourage further production, since it offers a ready market and a good price, and it poses the additional problem of what to do with the stocks when they reach an unmanageable size.

A better way is to balance the volume of production with the volume of wartime demand, but the difficulties here are very considerable. If a country finds many of its markets gone, it is adding insult to injury to ask it to cut down the size of its production. The country will ask for its *quid pro quo*, and what *quid pro quo* can be offered except that very financial assistance which is the root of so much trouble later on?

Conditional Assistance

It may be that there is a mean between the extremes of quixotic generosity and Spartan advice. It may be possible for Great Britain and the United States to make the offer of limited financial assistance conditional upon a measure of production limitation.

The countries affected by the operation of the British blockade of Europe could be asked to produce and

LIGHT VERSIFIER

IT'S time I wrote a rhyme or two
To earn myself some money
Something pert and petulant,
Frisolous and funny.

I'll leave emotion well behind
Bare feeling's seldom pretty
And sing a little song of love,
Facetious if not witty.

And who will guess who reads my verse
That, as I write today,
Twenty planes reel flaming down,
Half a world away!

JOYCE MARSHALL

substantiate figures showing to what extent they have actually lost markets. From this figure should be deducted any increase in other directions directly attributable to the war operations of the Allies, and the remaining amount should be expressed as an annual equivalent. That one year's figure would be the most workable basis for financial aid.

It would be no bad thing if Britain and America were to arrange for purchases up to this amount, for the

stocks so built up would be readily realizable when the European markets were again open, and the process of amassing them would rule out the possibility of any serious economic difficulties for the producers, and avert the threat to the foundations of prices.

If the war lasts longer than another year the problem will, of course, assume different proportions.



FORWARD AND BACK

The month of January takes its name from the Roman God "Janus" who was always represented as looking two ways—forward and back.

Hence, from very early times, the first month of the year has been regarded as an appropriate time for reviewing the past and planning the future. In no field of activity is this more important than in matters relating to your Will.

Make it a point to review your Will every January and give careful consideration to changed circumstances. Consider too, the qualifications of your Executor. The addition of a simple codicil is all that is necessary to secure the administrative services of The Royal Trust Company.

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EVERY JANUARY

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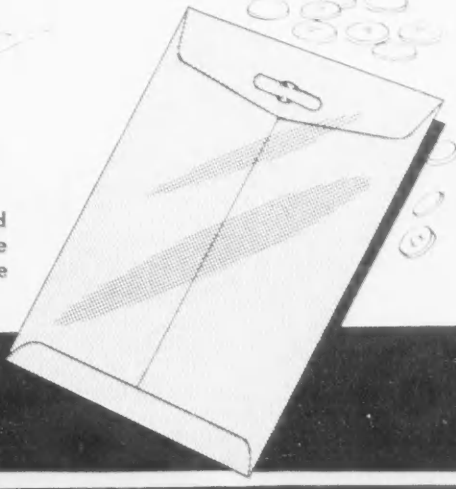
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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

DOMINION BRIDGE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I've been thinking of buying some of the stock of Dominion Bridge but as usual I'm coming to you to get your okay first. Do you think it's a good buy at this time?

H. G. W., Edmonton, Alta.

Yes, I think the stock has above-average appeal.

In this fiscal year, which ends October 31, earnings should show a satisfactory increase over 1939-1940 results which are not yet available. In the year ended October 31, 1939, earnings were equal to 72 cents per share, as compared with \$1.04 in 1938, \$1.29 in 1937 and 18 cents in 1936. It is estimated that earnings in the latest fiscal year will be well ahead of the previous four years' average of approximately \$1 cents per share, even after heavy excess profits taxes.

Because of the high rate of business activity, the outlook for the company for some time to come is good. The Dominion Engineering Company subsidiary should function at near-capacity and substantial dividends should be forthcoming from this source. Higher sales should more than offset increased raw material costs.

Dominion Bridge is Canada's largest fabricator of structural steels for

bridges, industrial and commercial buildings, plate and tank work, and mechanical work, such as cranes, trolleys, etc. It accounts for well over 50 per cent of the output of such business. A subsidiary, Dominion Engineering Works, makes a wide variety of heavy machinery and industrial equipment.

CANADA CEMENT

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been wondering about the preferred stock of Canada Cement. What do you think of it? Do you think it can keep on paying dividends and if the company will make any effort to pay off dividend arrears?

S. G. F., Victoria, B.C.

The preferred stock of Canada Cement has no more than average attraction. I think the company will maintain dividends payments on the preferred but unless there is a capital reorganization, clearing up of the arrears on the stock, which amount to \$34.25 per share, will be slow.

Seasonal influences will restrict sales this winter, but the outlook for the new fiscal year is promising, for industrial and war time demand in Canada later in the year should react decidedly in the company's favor. However, you can expect higher



MAKING IT EASIER FOR HIMSELF

taxes and rising costs to restrict earnings.

Canada Cement is by far the largest producer of cement in Canada, accounting for well over three-quarters of this country's output. Its plants have an annual capacity of 10,000,000 barrels and are strategically situated to permit rapid and economical distribution. The building field is the chief market, but important business is done with various industries. Sales are almost entirely domestic.

Regulation by the municipalities has been rather strict and the residential rates are comparatively low.

NAYBOB

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please tell me how you would class the shares of Naybob Gold Mines, and give me your view of the company's prospects.

H. R. G., Winnipeg, Man.

I consider shares of Naybob Gold Mines an interesting speculation. The prospects for the company are much improved as a result of the favorable progress in the past year. Developments have been sufficiently encouraging to lead to plans for general expansion, including raising of mill capacity to 400 tons daily, deepening of the shaft to 1,500 feet and the establishment of four new levels.

Production has been running around \$45,000 monthly on a daily milling rate of 150 tons. Operating costs are about \$26,000 monthly which leaves a good margin of profit. The net cash position is approximately \$275,000, which is not expected to be affected as expansion expenditures are to be met from earnings. The company is on a dividend basis of one cent quarterly.

INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Do you think I should buy some voting stock in Canadian Industrial Alcohol?

D. V. C., Haileybury, Ont.

Only if you're interested in a radical speculation. In this case you're speculating on the possibility that Hiram Walker will renew its attempts to effect a merger with Canadian Industrial Alcohol.

Earnings in the fiscal year which will end August 31, 1941, should be moderately higher than 1939-1940's 20 cents per share. But I don't think I would expect any more dividends until somewhere around November, 1941, if I were you. Liquor business should continue well ahead of the previous year and prices have increased enough to take care of higher taxes and rising costs. The business of the British subsidiary is running behind that of one year ago. While the Chemical division is benefiting from war orders, this business has only a minor effect on earnings.

ASTORIA, PANDORA

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have shares in Astoria Rouyn and Canadian Pandora. Are they likely to ever be any good?

D. G. B., Parrsboro, N.S.

Assets of Astoria Rouyn Mines were taken over in 1938 by Astoria Quebec Mines, on the basis of one new share for two old. The Capital Trust Corporation, Toronto, are the transfer agents. For some time the only work done at the property has been just sufficient surface exploration to keep the claims in good standing and due to existing conditions the company has no plans for the immediate

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of January, 1941:

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of February to Shareholders of record of the 21st day of January, 1941.
On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of February to Shareholders of record of the 5th day of February, 1941.
By Order of the Board.

Montreal, C. B. ROBINSON,
January 6, 1941. Secretary-Treasurer

future. Assets include 175,000 pooled shares of Senator-Rouyn Limited.

Canadian Pandora Gold Mines holds 1,400,000 pooled shares of Pandora Cadillac Gold Mines, which are to be distributed on the basis of one of the latter for three Canadian Pandora. Pandora Cadillac is producing at the rate of about \$35,000 monthly and maintenance of this output will permit repayment on outstanding debts and provide funds to test the further possibilities of the large property. Part of the Amn Gold Mines property and the mill were acquired last summer and this extends the holdings of the company for over two miles along the Cadillac break.

MAGNET LAKE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Is there any connection between Magnet Lake and Magnet Consolidated? Is Magnet Lake a sub-long-term investment, in your opinion? This is the mine in the Little Long Lac area, is it not?

S. A., Toronto, Ont.

Magnet Lake Gold Mines is in liquidation and the shares are transferable on the basis of one Magnet Consolidated Mines and one Nung Lake Mines for each five shares held. The latter company holds the residual assets of Magnet Lake.

Magnet Consolidated holds 43 claims in the Little Long Lac area, and while not a large mine from a tonnage point of view is, however, realizing excellent profits as a result of the high grade ore being milled. The outlook for the mine appears quite promising as it is responding to development in a splendid manner. An excellent grade of ore is being opened on the bottom level at 1,080 feet and the best widths in the mine are being exposed there.

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What the Mines Are Doing

BY J. A. McRAE

PICKLE Crow is developing what may be one of its more important orebodies. This has been discovered in the north zone at the 750 ft. level. The average grade of the ore is estimated at \$18 to the ton. A length of more than 400 ft. in one shoot has so far been disclosed and with the easterly face still in ore. The average width is approximately five feet. Two other smaller ore shoots have been encountered at this same level. This means that where in former operations Pickle Crow centered work on one vein or ore zone, the management now has two such zones from which to draw production.

Ventures received \$364,026 in dividends during 1940 from Beattie Gold Mines; \$268,806 in dividends from Coniaurum Mines; \$99,384 from Falconbridge Nickel, together with smaller amounts from Canadian Malartic, Sudbury Basin and Matachewan Consolidated. Ventures is also in line for important income to

begin very shortly from its holdings in La Luz Mines. Ventures owns over 850,000 shares of La Luz an enterprise which is steadily attaining success of some magnitude.

Ventures, Ltd. now owns 1,019,110 shares of Sudbury Basin Mines. This leaves only 650,000 shares of Sudbury Basin in the hands of individuals. It is believed that a large part of this 650,000 shares is held by officials of the Lindsley companies.

Lamaque Gold Mines produced \$1,246,437 in the three months ended November 30. This came from 110,330 tons of ore. The ore reserves have risen to a little over 906,000 tons estimated to contain slightly more than \$10,000,000.

Teck-Hughes Gold Mines made a net profit of \$489,958 in the three months ended November 30, com-

pared with \$575,710 in the corresponding period of the preceding year. Production for the three months was \$845,840 from 73,410 tons of ore, compared with \$891,529 from 88,365 tons in the corresponding three months of 1939.

Central Patricia Gold Mines produced \$1,420,625 during the nine months ended September 30. Profit for the nine months was \$807,543 out of which was taken \$168,775 for taxes and \$152,434 for depreciation. The mill handled 87,317 tons of ore. After all contingencies, the net profit of \$486,334 amounted to almost \$6 on each ton of ore treated.

The mineral output of the province of Ontario has attained a rate of very close to \$300,000,000 a year. This represents not far under 60 per cent. of the current rate of production of minerals for the whole of Canada.

Upper Canada Mines has established the fine average recovery grade of approximately \$15 per ton. The mill is treating over 200 tons daily. New deep levels are in course of development indicating continuity of high values at depth. On the strength of this, an enlargement of the mill is planned.

McKenzie Red Lake has been opening up new ore in drifting operations recently at the rate of around 300 ft. per month. In the closing quarter of 1940 some 700 ft. in length of ore was exposed. Output during the fourth quarter of the year was the highest quarter for the year. Production for 1940 easily passed the \$1,000,000 mark.

Pamour Porcupine has undertaken extensive work to locate continuation of the Broulan No. 4 vein system on Pamour itself. At the 400 ft. level one drive on the Pamour has been advanced approximately one mile and may have to be continued another 500 ft. Other long drives are being put out at the 600 and at the 1,600 ft. levels. Pamour is handling 1,600 tons of ore daily.

East Malartic Mines produced \$237,188 during November. This was due to handling lower grade of ore at \$5.62 per ton. This was the lowest output since August 1939. Engineers declare the treatment of lower grade will continue for the first half of 1941 after which additional new stopes of higher grade will be made available.

San Antonio has placed orders for new mill equipment with a view toward completing main deliveries within ten weeks. The mill, now handling 330 tons daily should reach the designed capacity of 550 tons per day before the middle of this year.

Lake Shore Mines has more than three miles in length of drift backs available for stoping in which the average gold content is estimated to be \$23.10 per ton across full drift widths. In round figures, Lake Shore has so far yielded approximately 10,000,000 tons of ore and has produced \$175,000,000. Some parts of the present campaign of work are looking ahead more than fifteen years.

The mica industry of Canada experienced marked expansion last year. Producers' sales were double those of the preceding year, and the value increased by over 80 per cent. The Canadian mica output is almost wholly of the phlogopite or amber variety, and is particularly valuable for uses where high resistance is required in the electrical industry; it is also employed in the rubber, roofing and other industries. The deposits now being worked are located mainly in eastern Ontario and the adjacent section of Quebec. There is a small production of muscovite or white mica. Canada is a small importer and a somewhat larger exporter of mica and its products.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of New York stock prices was last confirmed as downward. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12 but is now undergoing test as to continuation.

NEW YEAR OPTIMISM

Predictions for the year 1941 are now taking their bow. By and large, they fall on the bullish side. This is in keeping with the American temperament, which is habitually cheerful and prone to extract a magnum of optimism from any situation. Against the background of these favorable year-end forecasts the stock market usually develops strength from just before Christmas into January.

We share the general opinion that in the U.S.A. the year 1941 will develop levels of business and of profits above those prevailing in 1940. But we must point out that both of these considerations, which, normally, are favorable to stock prices, are being projected in an environment that now is largely under the influence of war and hence subject to all of the vagaries of war.

WAR STRAINS AND RISKS

A war economy, even though the effort may be one of preparedness rather than of actual combat, means heavy governmental expenditures. This, in turn, implies higher taxes and other business costs, so that profits do not rise proportionate to increased production, as in peace time. Furthermore, increased governmental restrictions and controls, including priorities, are already in evidence. Should the United States actually enter the war in 1941, these controls would necessarily become more repressive on individual enterprise.

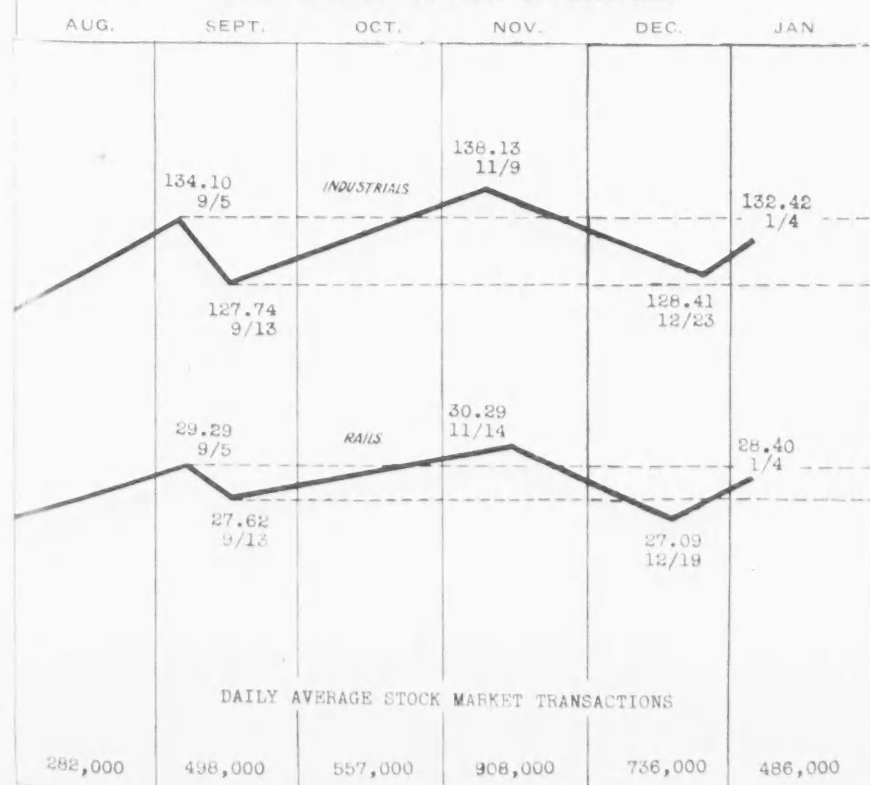
Investors should also bear in mind that anytime between now and spring there is the probability that Germany will launch a powerful military assault against the British Isles. If this attack fails, as we confidently believe it will, there will, nevertheless, be a tense period, lasting some one or more weeks, when the outcome will be in doubt. Should Britain fail, however, the effect on American sentiment, even though the war be continued from other areas, would be quite drastic. America has no more awakened to the fact that Britain is America's first line of defense against the Nazi threat than the British public, until too late, recognized that the Rhine was their frontier.

PURCHASE DURING WEAKNESS

Because of these considerations, as well as the technical background outlined herein over recent weeks, we repeat the policy expressed during the recent recession. This was to purchase stocks gradually and only during periods of weakness in general, with attention particularly devoted to individually promising issues that, on a price basis, seemed to have outdistanced the general decline.

We would regard any near-term advance into new high ground above that attained in the autumn of 1940 as more the occasion for the restriction of commitments than for increased bullishness.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



CANADIAN SECURITIES

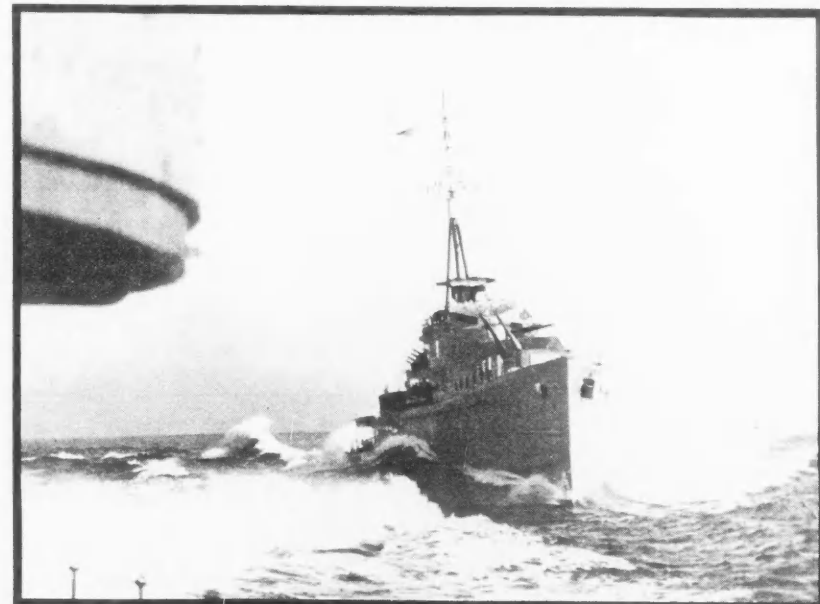
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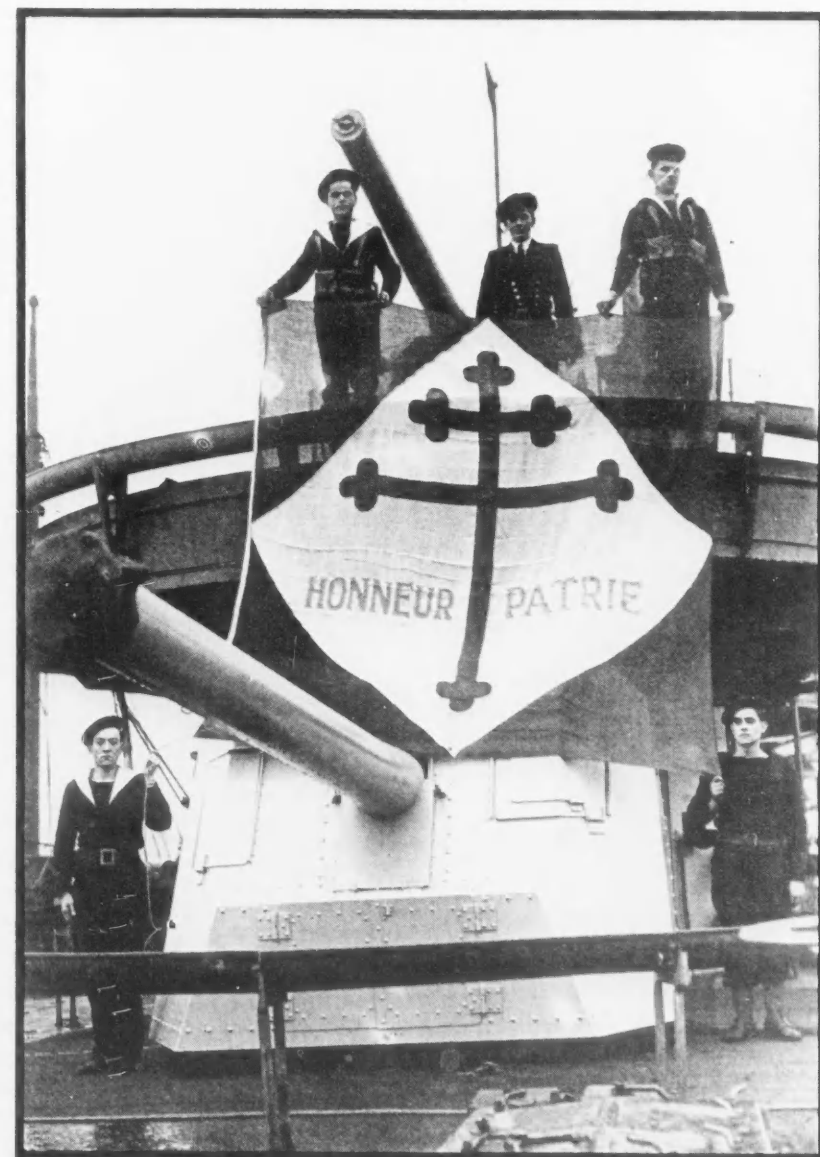
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A destroyer patrols the sea lanes off the coast of England. The work horses of the Navy, these little ships do everything from anti-submarine patrol to convoy duty. To England's Fleet has been added



. recently units of the French Navy, manned by "free" Frenchmen who have decided to throw in their lot with England and fight on under General DeGaulle. Here French sailors display the flag of "free" France.



This portrait of a Chinese child was drawn by James Montgomery Flagg and will be featured in a poster in aid of the current appeal of the China Relief Committee which is headed by Pearl S. Buck, the novelist. The committee was organized to raise \$1,000,000 for medical supplies urgently needed in China. Flagg presented the painting to Mrs. Herbert H. Lehman, wife of the governor of New York, in New York, last week.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Protection for Business Men Under Liability Policies

BY GEORGE GILBERT

In the beginning, liability insurance was a contract under which the insurance company merely agreed to indemnify the insured against loss due to the insured's legal liability.

It has steadily expanded its scope until now it includes medical aid to the injured person irrespective of liability, defense in the case of litigation, payment of interest on judgments, and payment of premiums on bonds required in litigation.

LIABILITY insurance policies, under more or less standardized forms, have been on the market for well over half a century, and one reason why there will always be a demand for them by shrewd business and professional men is that they furnish protection against what may be called a catastrophe hazard. Many of those engaged in enterprise of various kinds may feel that they can afford to take a chance and be a self-insurer, as it were, in the case of any small losses arising in the course of their operations, but they naturally hesitate to do without liability insurance when they realize that one serious loss due to a public liability claim can put them out of business altogether if they are caught without such protection.

It is a fundamental principle of our common law that one is held liable for the consequences of one's acts or omissions if, through failure to exercise reasonable care, they result in accidental damage to the person or property of another, whether this other be one's employee, guest or member of the public. The term "liability" is construed to mean an individual, firm or corporation, and to such individual, firm or corporation liability attaches for the acts of their servants, employees or agents when such acts or omissions occur in the course of their employment while performing the duties for which they are engaged.

Accidents leading to liability claims are divided into two classes: 1. Industrial accidents those occurring to an employee because of his

connection with the industry in which he is engaged; and 2. Public accidents—embracing all other than industrial accidents. For the protection of the employer in the case of industrial accidents there is available employers' liability insurance and workmen's compensation cover. For the protection of the individual, firm or corporation in the case of public accidents there is available public liability and property damage insurance.

Under the insuring agreements of the liability policy, provision is made: "(1) for the payment of damages imposed by law upon the insured on account of bodily injury, including death at any time resulting therefrom, or for damages to or destruction of property, excepting property owned, leased, occupied, used by or in the care, custody or control of the insured or any of his employees, accidentally suffered or alleged to have been suffered, when the accident is caused by the business operations, the activities of employees or by the maintenance or lack of maintenance of the property of the insured; if he is found liable; (2) for the investigation and defense on behalf of the insured of all claims and suits for bodily injury, death or damage to or destruction of property for which the insured is or is alleged to be liable; (3) for the payment of all (a) costs taxed against the insured for investigation and defense; (b) all expenses incurred in connection therewith; (c) all premiums on a attach-

(Continued on Page 31)

Excess Profits Tax Is Just

BY DONALD FIELDS

The general principle of excess profits tax is highly debatable on theoretical and many technical grounds. But the Excess Profits Tax is necessary for political, financial, and economic reasons.

Ottawa is at present reviewing our E.P.T., and it is hoped in some quarters that the burden may be shifted. But a shift is not possible in view of the character of the excess profits tax. Only the smoothing out of minor hardships is possible.

IN A natural thunderstorm we all hope that our own house may not suffer damage, but we do not hope that our neighbor's house may suffer. Yet many taxpayers seem to hope that the excess profits tax may harm their neighbor. We must realize that the storm of war, if it hits us at all, can harm one house only: ours—the country, the nation, the state. We must also realize that, if we want to prevent it from harming us, we must erect efficient lightning conductors. One such conductor is the excess profits tax.

This must be realized especially by those who hope for benefits for themselves from Ottawa's present reviewing of the Excess Profits Tax. It has been said in certain quarters, in connection with the E.P.T., that the government definitely needs all the revenue it can lay its hand on; but Ottawa must find a way of shifting the incidence of the war tax burden. Shifting it whereto?

From Things to Persons

There are taxes *in personam* and *in rem*. The E.P.T. is a tax *in rem*. The *res* is the business. If a government imposes a tax upon a "thing", no matter what the thing is, it must certainly have reasons for not imposing a tax on a "person". Therefore it would be unjustified to expect, even if the government were prepared to do some shifting, that the shift would be from things to persons. However, whether or not this is the idea of those who demand shifting, no other major shift would be possible.

There are only two other things, apart from business, on which taxes can be levied: real-estate and capital. Obviously a war tax on real-estate could, irrespective of all other considerations as to its practicability, yield only a fraction of what the government needs, and of what the E.P.T. will yield.

There remains then a capital levy. We may have a capital levy immediately upon the termination of the war. If the war lasts long we may have to have one even before it is over. But at the moment we are far from the point at which a capital levy would be advisable and necessary.

If then there are no "things" onto which the burden of war taxation could be shifted, there are obviously only persons left. And as the E.P.T. is a tax on a thing, the demand for a shift could, if fulfilled, result only in nothing less than the abandoning of the E.P.T. It is good to be clear on this point.

Who'll Bear Burden?

Onto which persons could part of our war tax burden be shifted? The wealthy? Hardly anything worthwhile could be squeezed out of them by new taxation. The wage and salary earners? This is possibly what they who demand a shift have on their minds.

Undeniably wages and salaries constitute an enormous flow of income that can be, and must be, tapped much more heavily than it is being tapped. But to suggest that it be tapped first, is to presuppose a degree of insight on the part of the bulk of wage and salary earners which it is not warranted to presuppose. The leaders of business would rightly be annoyed if they were taxed with a smaller insight than that of the masses. And as their insight is greater, they naturally see that the first to contribute financially to winning the war must be business. Not because business has in certain ways more at stake than the man in the street, but for this reason: if the government leaves one of the two major sources of war revenue (excess profits and wages) in reserve for future tapping, it is politically impossible to leave profits in reserve and tap wages first. At least, it is politically impossible in a democratic country. It has indirectly been done by Hitler from the moment he usurped power.

Of course, all these arguments are political, or if you will, moral. Most objections raised against the E.P.T.

fall into this category. There are two other groups, theoretical and technical objections. Before we look at them let us consider one more "moral" argument.

It has been said that certain enterprises could never flourish in peacetime, only in war; and that people who invested money in such industries and patiently waited for returns, are now deprived of their returns. For practically all profits of such enterprises are excess profits, and are taxed away in certain cases to the extent of 90 per cent. (including taxes other than the E.P.T.). This is certainly hard on those investors. But it might be said that, in a wider sense, the investors have not waited only for returns, but also for war, and some people may perhaps think that that sort of patience should not bear dividends. It is possible to find justifications for this point of view.

If it were said that that patience should not pay, but, on the other hand, that the maintenance of such industries is vital, the question boils down to that of public or private ownership of armaments manufacture. Without entering into that argument here, we cannot help feeling that many people in Canada and Britain, who have always opposed public ownership of the arms industries, would be quite happy if at least President Roosevelt had a highly developed state-armament industry at his disposal and needed only press a button to send five hundred planes a day to Britain.

No Standard

With regard to theoretical principles concerning excess profits tax, the argument is much simpler than appears at first glance. They are quite right who say that the principle of our Excess Profits Tax is defective. They are wrong, however, if they try to measure the defectiveness by a standard. There is no standard.

This means, on the other hand, that those who say that the principle of the E.P.T. is satisfactory, have no smaller claim to say so; but also no greater claim. Neither of the two views could be proved right or wrong. As long as economists, tax-technicians, statesmen, and politicians can not, among themselves and among each other, agree upon a definition of "income", no principle of a

tax that is based on income or profits can be proved right or wrong; be it a tax *in personam* or *in rem*. All that may be argued about is technical, and not theoretical points.

One of the technical points that have been made calls the whole tax into question. It has been said the Government has decided to finance this war without inflation, and to curb competition to the extent which is necessary to ensure that no excess profits can accrue; and that, as it has been made sure that there are no excess profits, an excess profits tax is an anomaly. It seems to us that this argument defeats itself. For if there are no excess profits they could not be taken away by an excess profits tax, and the tax might as well be retained as a decoration to satisfy those who demand it for political reasons.

The Obvious Course

Naturally the greatest disagreement exists over the question of the basis on which the excess profit is computed. The Government is blamed for having chosen a base period in which profits were comparatively low, and consequently excess profits are high. This is quite right, but it is unrealistic to hold it against the Government. There would be every justification for blaming the Government if it levied the Tax for the avowed purpose of hampering the growth of industry. But that is not the case. And if it is said that the E.P.T. may leave our industry weaker after the war than it was before, the only answer can be that we could easily have our industry stronger if we decided wilfully to run risks with regard to the outcome of the war. Naturally the Government has decided on the obvious course, and one of the aspects of that course is the Excess Profits Tax.

There is no doubt that many of the technical objections which have been raised against our E.P.T. are well founded. But there are also points in which the Tax errs on the other side. Although it is desirable that all these points be rectified, everything must be subordinated to the one consideration that counts: even if minor injustices cannot be removed, we must have the Excess Profits Tax because we must defeat Hitler.



London's fire fighters on the job. Last week thousands of incendiary bombs were dropped on the city. The R.A.F. retaliated on Bremen, and on the home front "fire-bomb fighters" were organized to cope with the new menace. Late week incendiary raids were squelched at small cost.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

(Continued from Page 30)

ment and appeal bonds required, and (d) interest accruing before and after entry of judgment and up to the date of payment by the insurance company of its share of any such judgment;

"(4) for the payment of any expenses incurred in providing such immediate medical or surgical attention to any injured person as may be imperative at the time of sustaining bodily injury covered by the policy."

There are certain exclusions from coverage, which vary with the class of liability risk undertaken. One exclusion to be found in public liability and property damage policies is the liability assumed by the insured under contract with another. Protection against such liability, however, may be obtained under a contractual liability policy.

What is known as contractors' liability insurance is specially designed to cover accidents caused by the construction or contracting operations of the insured. The rate for this type of cover depends upon the nature of the contractors' business, and the rate is applied per \$100 of remuneration. While the policy contains an exclusion relating to elevators, this exclusion does not apply to hoist and material hoists, so that their operation is covered by the policy if an incidental part of the construction operations.

An Extra Premium

With regard to coverage against liability for property damage, loss or damage by fire, however caused, is excluded, except in the case of products and teams liability insurance. The insured may obtain waiver of this exclusion by the payment of an extra premium. But in the case of a personal liability policy waiver of the exclusion against fire cannot be obtained even for an additional premium.

In the case of elevator and teams liability policies, there is a provision which excludes from coverage the acts and omissions of any persons employed in violation of the laws as to the age for elevator attendants or teams operators, or in any event under fifteen years of age. Many companies evidently include this exclusion in all of their liability policies.

In the manufacturers, contractors and owners, landlords and tenants

liability policies there is the following exclusion: "Such insurance does not provide indemnity against claims arising out of the ownership, existence, care, maintenance, use or operation of: (a) any aircraft, ship or other vessel, locomotive engine or train; (b) any automobile, draft animal or team, owned, hired or leased by or in the care, custody or control of the insured or his employees; (c) any vehicle other than automobile or team while away from the premises described in the policy."

Insurance Available

While it will be realized that any of these operations might easily form part of the regular operations of an insured in the above category, it should also be noted that there are insurance policies available to take care of these excluded risks, such as an automobile policy for the automobile risk, a teams liability policy for the draft animal risk, and so on.

In the case of a public liability or employers liability policy the standard limits are \$5,000, exclusive of interest and costs, for bodily injury to or death of any one person and, subject to such limit for any one person so injured or killed, of \$10,000, exclusive of interest and costs, for bodily injury to or death of two or more persons in any one accident. There are four exceptions to this rule, in which the standard limits are: druggists liability, \$5,000/\$15,000; hospital liability, \$5,000/\$15,000; physicians, surgeons, dentists liability, \$5,000/\$15,000; products liability, \$5,000/\$10,000/\$25,000.

For property damage liability insurance the standard limit is \$1,000, but all standard limits for both public liability and property damage insurance may be increased by payment of an extra premium.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would be glad of your advice on the following: I have been asked to make a loan at a reasonable rate of interest to enable a young man to complete his education, the loan to be secured by the assignment of a life insurance policy to be taken out by the borrower for that purpose. I am a widow, and know little of business. While I would like to assist the young man, I could not afford to lose the amount of the loan or any part of it. I am told that I would be protected by the insurance policy. As the loan would not be repaid for three or four years in all likelihood, I would like to know to what extent the insurance policy makes the loan a safe one.

—C. M. H., Montreal, Que.

Such a policy would not make the loan a safe one at all, and if you are not in a position to stand the loss of the money or any part of it I would advise against lending on such collateral. Such a policy would only protect you against loss should the borrower die while the contract was in full force and effect and if it had been properly assigned to you. It would be difficult if not impossible to make certain that the premium payments were being kept up over a period of years, and, if the borrower failed to pay the premiums, the policy would lapse and become altogether valueless as security.

Average Age of Buyers Now 35

THE average age of buyers of life insurance policies today is less than 35, which compares with an average age of 47 in the early days of life insurance in this country. The trend towards buying at younger ages has grown steadily in recent years and today a large group of new buyers every year is in the student group, many companies reporting 10 per cent of their sales among students.

Three Generations OF BUSINESS BORROWERS



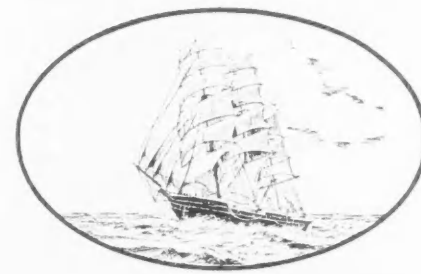
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A Better England

BY J. G. SINCLAIR

A different and better England must arise from this war, says the writer. He speaks of economic conditions that have restrained the English workman to a condition little better than serfdom, and of the barren statesmanship that tolerated it, and says "Not for this the 'sweat and toil, the blood and tears' of the prevailing carnage."

Mr. Sinclair is an English journalist, novelist and social student who has been living for the past two years in Canada. He wrote the article on J. B. Priestley in last week's issue.

AN ENGLISHMAN, I, like millions of other Englishmen, am deeply concerned with the problem of the kind of England we will have when peace comes again to her battered shores. We have it on the authority of a recent broadcast by Mr. J. B. Priestley that that question is on the lips of multitudes in Britain today, and that far from lessening the general will to beat Hitler and his little partner, the very eagerness of such questioning is a symptom of the general will to victory.

For myself, as one man among other men, I hope to live to see a very different England from the one I have known all my life. Especially do I want to hear less of Empire and all that Kipling stood for. I want to see the little man in his millions get more out of life than has been his experience through two thousand years of British history.

I preach no political doctrine since I am attached to none. I am not a socialist and therefore need hardly declare that I am not a communist. I do not believe in the herding of men, no, not even for their "good". I do believe in the individual man and his right to live a free and full life within the limits of a democratically devised legal system operating equally for all.

Slaves to Tradition

The typical English working man is conservative by nature. He is shy of changes. What served his forefathers he thinks should be good enough for him. And also he hates a row. He would rather put up with abuses than cause a disturbance. He likes to think well of his neighbors and is slow to think ill of anybody. This immeasurable long-suffering, this fundamental insensitivity to his own rights, accounts largely for the evil economic conditions which have restrained the English workman to a status little better than serfdom; indeed the serf had some guarantee of food and shelter and thus was economically emancipated beyond the twentieth-century English working man possessed of his franchise and boasted "equality before the law": a boast that in fact was almost wholly chimerical.

All my life I have observed the unpleasant spectacle of English working class women being slaves to duty; the duty of rearing families on niggardly means. In millions of working class homes the mothers were literally slaves to duty, overworked and too often underfed.

Humanising a System

When victory at last emerges bloodily out of this calvary of suffering I trust a new and better England will come into shape. And not only a different, and better England but also a different and better Europe. Not even the most palsied misanthrope is capable, surely, of conceiving a return to the status quo. Not for that "the sweat and toil, the blood and tears", of the prevailing carnage.

There will always be differences in men. Differences in talent and aspiration, in effort and achievement. Human inequality is a cheerful and natural arrangement. Equality would be a nightmare, tantamount to the totalitarian concept of unquestioning obedience to one man or a small regime — the theory that Thomas Carlyle propounded and which we see so balefully operating today under Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin.

I prefer the sentimental economics

of Ruskin to the mathematical economics of Marx drawn to schedule. Thus I desire to see an England of the future where there exists a deep understanding and cordiality between the employer and the employed, where each will work for the good of the state in amity and for a mutual exchange of the good things of life, for the enjoyment and beautifying of mortal existence.

I want to see an England of the future where wealth is not concentrated in the power of a few men, for such concentration of wealth and power is the antithesis of democracy.

Too Many Distinctions

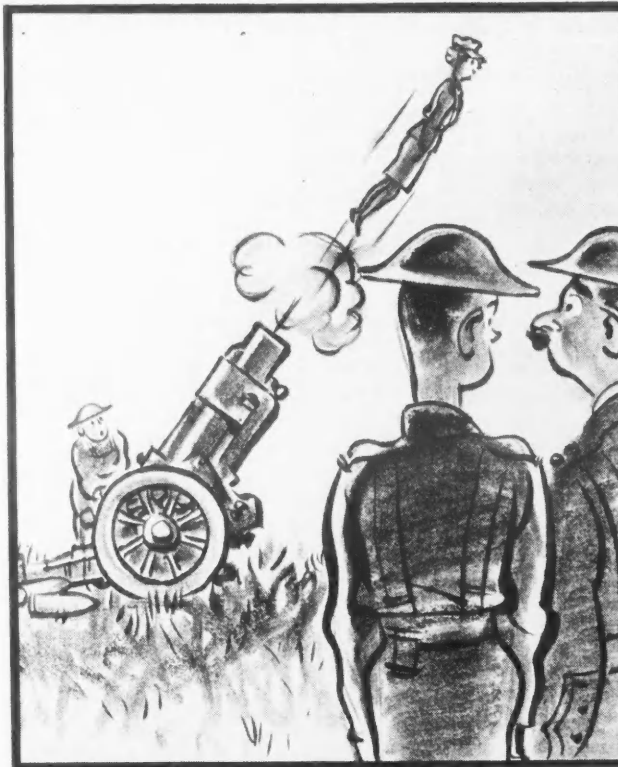
Pre-war England was overlaid with too many "classes": the rich, the wealthy, the well-to-do, the upper middle-class, the lower middle-class, while below these swarmed the lower classes in their millions, conducting a ceaseless campaign for the mere necessities of life, often indeed confronting the brink of destitution. Of a population in Britain of some forty-five millions, thirty-eight millions could always be classified as "the lower working class". Perhaps some vivid appreciation of what this classification really meant in the struggle for existence can be conveyed by stating the simple truth that one week's loss of employment meant for any family the very verge of want and even destitution. That such a state of things could prevail in the richest Empire mankind has ever known is in itself conclusive proof of the barren statesmanship which tolerated it.

Social distinctions had become abnormally emphasized, and the struggle for honors, peerages, baronetcies, knighthoods and all the paraphernalia of a specious society, had developed into a racket, in which the highest "honors" went to the highest bidders. Even "Who's Who" began to bulge so fat with dusty newcomers that sensitive souls studiously avoided inclusion in its pages in fear of being crushed to death by powerful persons fresh with triumphs from the internecine loot-grab.

Prelude to a New Britain

Besides an economic system humanized and directed to the purpose of human wellbeing, I long also to see an England released from an educational system that has existed for centuries specifically to serve the needs, often superficial, of a small exclusive "upper" class. This system should be swept away and replaced by educational services altogether more democratic and calculated to fashion students for the worth-while business of serving the nation of which they are citizens. I trust that when peace comes the "Oxford Voice" that alarming, dismal, abnormal cacophony that comes up from Eton, Harrow, and a few other public schools will fade away forever like some unpleasant echo dying in the night.

Plutocratic privilege must be extirpated and with it the "caste" system of unnatural class divisions. That this dissolution of age-long human barriers is already in full process in Britain cannot be in doubt, for now, in the indiscriminate baptism of fire in which all of the British people are engulfed, there emerges a lucid display of unity that has no parallel in her long history; a unity which precludes a coming common greatness such as Britain has never known in her two thousand years.



"IT'S THAT A.T.S. GIRL, AGAIN, SIR — THE ONE THAT USED TO BE WITH THE CIRCUS."



"SORRY, SARGE, BUT I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR TWO OF ME BULLETS."



"SHALL I SEND IT 'YOURS TRULY' OR 'SINCERELY YOURS', SIR?"

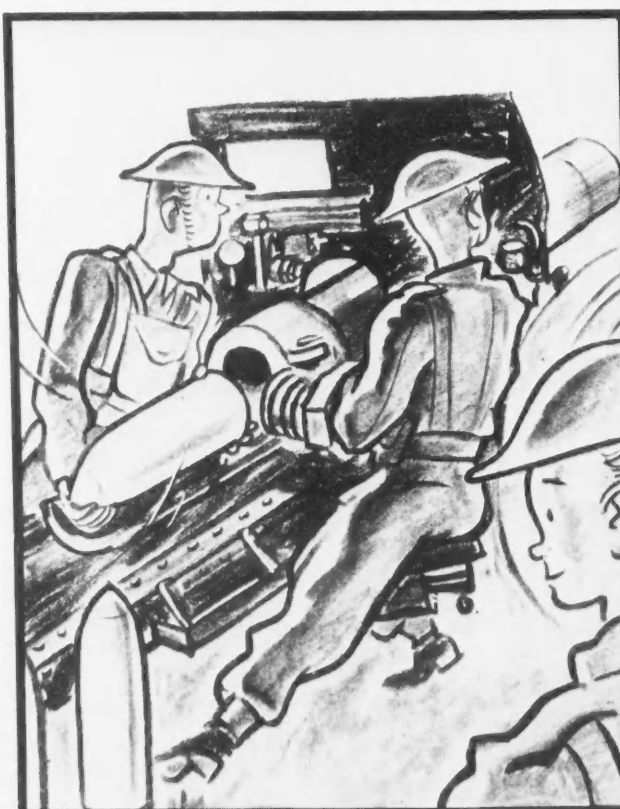


"THERE YOU ARE, BOYS — SHARE THAT BETWEEN YOU!"

WAR CARTOONS

One commodity which no nation attempts to ration in war time is humor, for humor is one of the safety valves of a country under nerve-wracking stress. A hearty belly laugh on the home front is almost as important as a tank on the fighting front.

In World War I, Bruce Bairnsfather's lugubrious "Old Bill" rocked England, and is anachronistically helping to ease the burden of World War II. And now out of England comes St. John Cooper's "Young Bert" who promises to be the "Old Bill" of this war. SATURDAY NIGHT has published Cooper's work before. The cartoons on this page tickled us, so we thought maybe you'd like to see more of it.



"BLIMEY, THIS OUGHT TO BE INTERESTING. I THINK I'LL STICK AROUND."



"BUT IT WAS THE ONLY CHANCE, SARGE — I'D USED ALL ME BULLETS!"